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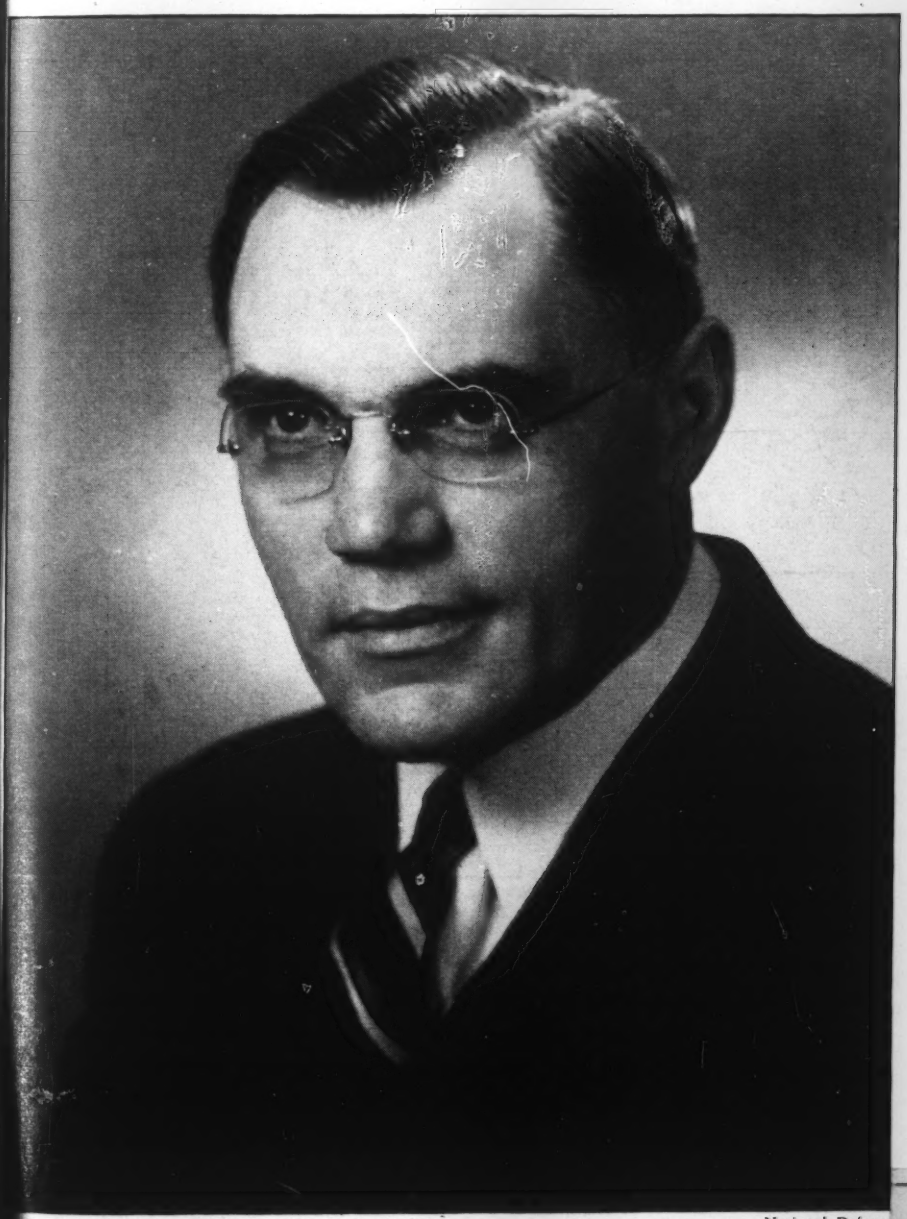

National Defence

DR. O. M. SOLANDT: There are no "humane" weapons. (Page 4)

The Front Page

Our postwar immigration policy has fostered some wonderful dreams of the Canada of the future. The latest estimate of an English weekly which comes to our desk is 100 millions within a century. There is one dream, however, which has been ended by the new immigration: that is the dream of the "revenge of the cradle" which some circles in Quebec nurtured before the war. We remember a table of those times which showed how, with Canada's doors closed, the cradles of Quebec would shift the balance, decade by decade, until by 1970 there would be a French-speaking majority.

With the experience since the war, some of our Quebec compatriots have swung from this extreme optimism to pessimism, and have lately been predicting that the French-speaking community will be drowned out by the flood of immigration. Many of their newspapers have noted that almost all of the first million newcomers have been integrated into the English-speaking community. *Le Droit* of Ottawa takes a strong stand against such defeatism, and calls for "our own (i.e., French-Canadian) immigration

THE RISE OF NATIONALISM

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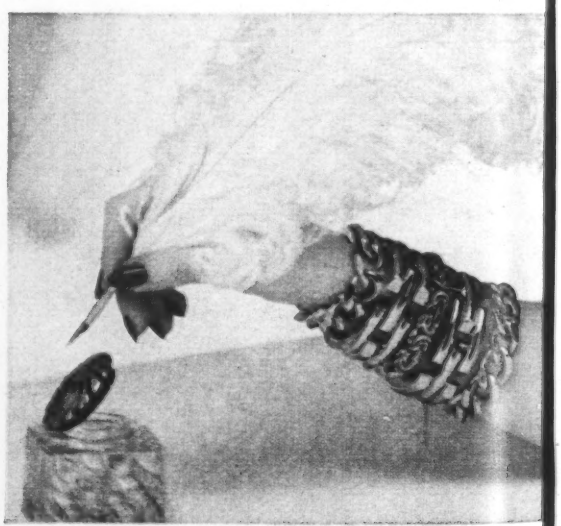

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

policy". Are there not many proofs in French Canada, it asks, of how the Macdonalds and Harveys, the Warrens and Murrays and Browns among the conquering English troops of 1759 have been completely assimilated? The same can be done in the different circumstances of today, if French Canada will only set out to do it.

La Patrie of Montreal points Quebec's efforts towards the French and Belgians among the immigrants; towards those, such as the Italians, Germans or Scandinavians, who may speak French as a second language; and towards the Catholic immigrants. Let the *Canadiens* abandon their indifference towards the newcomers and make a real effort to integrate them in their community, instead of deploring endlessly that they are nearly all being integrated in the Anglo-Canadian community. For, says this paper, "immigragration is going to continue, whether we like it or not".

Le Devoir has a quite different and most interesting proposal. It would bring back as many as possible of those French-Canadians who have trekked off to New England, over the years, to find better jobs and higher pay, and have become French-Americans. This idea was first raised in the twenties, and in spite of the fact that the standard of living of the French-Americans was so much higher than that of their compatriots in Quebec at that time, nearly 10,000 were repatriated. Now this situation has levelled out considerably, and Quebec is actually going ahead faster than New England.

Besides, *Le Devoir* finds that the French-Americans face a "sombre future", the way things are going. "It must be said, unhappily, that many of their parishes are bowing under the blows of repeated waves of anglicization, and have introduced sermons in English. Truly French-American homes—that is, homes in which French is spoken in preference to English, are rare. The parish schools no longer give sufficient instruction in our beautiful French tongue. And almost all of the French-American clubs and associations use English exclusively in their meetings. . . The situation is nothing less than tragic. . . If it continues thus, a couple of generations will make an end to French society in New England."

Nevertheless, says *Le Devoir*, the French-American, even if he was born in the United States, is nearer to the French-Canadian than is the French or Belgian immigrant of today. After a single generation in Quebec, he would once again be pure *Canadien*. Thousands of families could be induced under present conditions to return to their ancestral home, this Montreal paper holds.

We think this is an excellent idea and, while we do not think it would amount to a flood, we would be glad to have back any part of the million and a half ex-*Canadiens* of New England, and any of the other four and a half million Canadians who have gone south, or their descendants. What's more, we think that within another decade or two our chief source of immigration may well be the United States.

The Front Page

Tentmaster

TO HEAR Skip Manley talk about tents is like eavesdropping on a love affair. Putting up a big top has all the excitement and attraction for him that the pursuit of an enchanting and capricious woman has for a Don Juan. At the moment the centre of Skip's devotion is the tent at Stratford that houses the Shakespearean Festival, for which he is Tentmaster.

"She's the only one of her kind in the world," he told us. "She's got the largest poleless area, 100 by 108 feet. This year we've switched the two main interior poles to steel ones at the foyer entrance outside the theatre." The tent also has three and a half tons of canvas and eleven and a half miles of rope in it. "Those ropes can shrink an inch in ten feet in real soupy weather," Skip says. "You can see what happens in a case like that. There's cable mixed with the rope, too, and it doesn't go in either direction except in extreme heat. The weather may be fine for two or three days and she won't need me, but if she calls for me, I have to stay with her so I can watch every movement she makes. We've had a couple of afternoons with 40-mile-an-hour gusts. We don't mind rain. In fact, we love it. It makes us heavy and tight."

Peter Smith

SKIP MANLEY: Always on hand.

Skip got his early experience working in a machine-shop in his home-town of Galesburg, Illinois. He worked at a variety of jobs but began his "real serious canvas work" in the late twenties. He takes pride in knowing every detail of the job from the number of threads in the rope ("I've followed the manufacture of rope all the way from the islands") and the tensile strength of the cables to the complicated manoeuvre of directing the 35-man crew needed to raise Stratford's tent.

Putting the tent up in May is the most colorful bit of work Skip does there. This year the job was complicated by bad weather. An unexpected storm sheathed canvas and ropes in sleet. "First time I've ever raised a tent in snow," was his comment. From now until September when the tent is dismantled, he will be on the job, even sleeping in his own quarters in the tent. "Now is when she needs me," he says, affectionately.

Entente Matrimoniale

THE DEPARTMENT of External Affairs should seriously consider giving priority in its appointments to consuls and ambassadors who have a bevy of marriageable daughters. A triple wedding such as the Peruvian embassy staged recently in Ottawa does more to establish cordial relations between nations than any amount of more orthodox diplomatic procedures.

"Naive" and "Inexperienced"

CRITICISM of Americans and American foreign policy has, in recent months, become a pastime for more and more Canadians. Doubtless, this criticism has been accentuated by the pitiable exhibitionism of a certain American senator and the strident insistence on vigorous policies by the American Secretary of State. But much is always made of the "inexperience" and "naiveté" of the United States in international diplomacy, and the unfortunate limitations of the American constitution which, compared with British procedure, complicate its world leadership.

In some respects, the United States may have been lacking in experience; in some others, she has been pathetically naïve and doctrinaire. But she is not as inexperienced as the critics infer, and since she accepted a major responsibility for the defence of human freedom, she has shed no little of her doctrinaire naiveté.

The Americans have not perhaps been so deeply involved in South-east Asia as Great Britain, France, Holland or even Portugal, but they are far from completely ignorant of that part of the world. In the year following the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the *Empress of China*,

The Front Page

flying the new American flag, sailed from New York for Canton. Before the American constitution had been approved, at least nine voyages to the Far East had been undertaken by enterprising Yankees. Before Washington delivered his warning against entangling alliances, American captains were "at home in the ports of China, Java, Sumatra, Siam, India, the Philippines and the Ile de France". The United States took over Hawaii and the Philippines in 1898.

American insistence on the Open Door policy in China and use of the Boxer indemnity to educate Chinese students in the United States challenge comparison with the policies of the more "experienced" powers. American missionary societies poured millions into the building of Chinese universities and medical centres.

Canadians should also remember that twice in this century, the United States, despite its hankering to be left alone, had to come to the rescue of the more "experienced" European nations. It entered World War I rather tardily, to be sure, and when it was over, withdrew far too quickly into its former isolationism. It entered World War II when Japan, at Pearl Harbor, made any other policy impossible.

Whether the Americans "won" these wars or not, they did contribute mightily to victory, even though many of them felt that the wars were not of their making but the result of the bungling of the more "experienced" diplomats of Europe. They now desire some solution of the world situation which will make it unnecessary for them periodically to despatch millions of their sons and daughters to rescue either Europe or Asia.

This may be a vain hope for any great power upon whom the mantle of leadership has fallen, but in the light of such a concern and their justifiable fear of the threat of Soviet Communism to everything they hold dear, their impatience with vacillations over Korea, Indo-China and, perhaps, even Guatemala, must be understood.

Splice the Lime Juice

WE WERE a little saddened when we read a letter from an English friend of ours telling us of her experience on parade with a detachment of the Women's Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve. She travelled from Portsmouth to London and stood for more than three hours in drenching rain during a ceremony which was graced by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, who concluded her speech with the traditional order "Splice the Mainbrace". On returning to the barracks, soaked to the skin, all WRNVR personnel presented previously issued cards that read "RNVR Jubilee Review. Splice the Mainbrace. Lime Juice," while their more fortunate brethren lined up for a double tot of the real thing.

Unifying Force

SINCE the advance publicity for the International Conference of Social Work promised a sight of "saris, fezes, Gandhi-caps, chiridars, dhotis, turbans" and other such exotic garb, we decided to go down to the conference room in Toronto's Royal York Hotel one day last week and have a look-see. Sure enough, there they all were and tongues were clattering away in a dozen dialects, too. We struck up a conversation with a gentleman whose

Eisenstadt

BIMALANANDA CHATTERJEE

English was as impeccable as his costume. His name was Bimalananda Chatterjee and he was at the conference as Secretary General for the South-east Asia delegation.

"There are about 90 of us here from our region," he said. "We've had a bit of a tour of eastern Canada before coming to Toronto and afterwards we're going to the United States and back home by way of Europe, studying social welfare work there." Mr. Chatterjee's quick, fluent speech slowed down momentarily and we asked him how he got into this work.

"When I was a student, I joined the 'Quit India Movement' in 1942 and helped badger the British out of India," he answered, "but by the time I'd finished my degree at the University College of Law at Nagpur, I knew that independence was not going to solve our problems. We needed a literate population. So I went on to the Tata Institute of Social Science in Bombay and studied Social Service Administration. Now I'm responsible for co-ordinating at the national level all kinds of social work and study in India. We get grants-in-aid from the government, trusts and foundations as well as membership fees.

"Human problems all over the world are similar. When we are at home, we feel isolated and overwhelmed by our problems, but here at this conference we see that what we are doing is not so bad after all."

And what did he think of Canada? He smiled broadly. "You are fortunate to have so easily assimilated the best values of three civilizations. You have the courtesy of the French, the sagacity of the British and the dynamic initiative of the American."

We bowed politely, looked wise, and went off in what we hoped was a dynamic manner.

Ban on War (Cover Story)

WHEN Dr. Omond McKillop Solandt, Chairman of the Defence Research Board says that he is "convinced that it is technically possible to reduce a modern industrial nation to complete ineffectiveness by air attack alone," his opinion cannot be disregarded.

Thus when he reminded the audience at a recent Convocation of the University of Toronto, at which he was given an Honorary Doctorate of Laws, that there are no "humane" weapons, he was recalling the mutilation and suffering, as well as the doughty courage of civilians which he saw during the London blitz when he was a member of the South-west London Blood Supply Depot. His work on tank design and in the solving of physiological problems peculiar to tank personnel, as well as first-hand experience of war in Europe and South-east Asia, showed him the deadly efficiency of all kinds of weapons and gave him tremendous respect for the discipline, loyalty and resourcefulness of the men who used them or were wounded by them. After the war when he was a member of the Joint Military Mission to Japan, he had a chance to evaluate the effects of the atomic bomb.

Portentous and chilling to the heart as his words were, they were also a challenge to the spirit and imagination. As a doctor of medicine, Dr. Solandt sees the worth of the individual, particularly the nonconformist, in society. As a military scientist he knows what war does to man and his material civilization. And as a humanist he calls for the abolition of war, not just the weapons of war. Instead we must be prepared for a different kind of war. "We cannot win the ideological war by suppressing Communist propaganda and locking up Communist agitators. We must meet their ideas with better ideas. We must preach with missionary zeal the positive advantages of our democratic freedom rather than to represent it as a mere absence of the oppression and restraint found in Communist countries."

Canada Buys Art Treasures

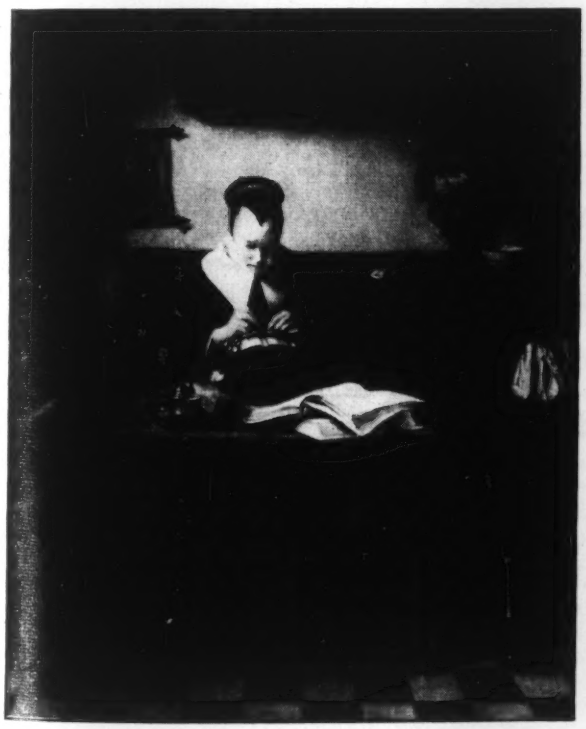
National Gallery Acquires Masterpieces

SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE BY FRANCESCA GUARDI (1712-1793).

The National Gallery of Canada recently added five important paintings to the nation's collection. Purchased from the famed Liechtenstein Collection, they fill important gaps in the Gallery's European section. Guardi excelled in his views of Venice. He was a student of the great painter of cities, Antonio Canaletto.

MADONNA AND CHILD, DATED 1472.

Panel by Flemish Hans Memlinc (c. 1433 - 1494) was shown in London's National Gallery for two years before coming to permanent home in Canada.



THE LACEMAKER BY NICOLAS MAES (1632-1693).

Nicolas Maes was a student of Rembrandt. His finest works, painted between 1655-1665, are domestic scenes executed on small panels. "The Lacemaker" is dated 1655. The Dutch excelled in intimate genre work.

THE PRINCE OF BAVARIA BY BARTHEL BEHAM.

The Prince of Liechtenstein's collection included a group of portraits of Bavarian nobility by Barthel Beham (1502-1540). Painted in 1531, this is a superb example of German portraiture. It is one of few German masterpieces here.

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The Rise of Nationalism In Scotland and Wales

By IVOR BROWN

A STRANGER motoring through Scotland nowadays will occasionally see a huge slogan chalked on to the walls in conspicuous places. It says "Set Scotland Free". If he noticed a similar call for liberty on English walls, as he frequently could, that would probably be a Marxian outcry for release from capitalism. But in Scotland the challenge is national and political, not international and economic. The inscribers who go around at nights with chalk in hand and liberty on their lips are Home Rulers. I have seen the same kind of summons to liberation on the flanks of the great bridge which links Wales with Anglesey across the Menai Straits.

The visitor probably knows that a few years ago some ingenious young Scots managed to extricate the historic Stone of Destiny from Westminster Abbey, the stone that was taken from Scotland by an English King, and then set under the English Coronation throne, as a firm intimation that England was on top and intended to remain there. The conspirators got the great stone away to Scotland by an ingenious piece of staff-work, and finally gave it up on the tacit understanding that there would be no prosecutions. The significant fact is that the British Government did not prosecute for theft or sacrilege, because they were really nervous about Scottish opinion. If they had made martyrs of the Stone-snatchers, they might have kindled a troublesome flame. For, though there were solemn denunciations of the raid on the Abbey by the Scottish "high-ups", there was much quiet chuckling over the episode and a sense of satisfaction that the gesture had been made. And when, later, some young Scots were caught with explosives and with the presumed purpose of blowing up Government buildings and sent to prison for a year, the sympathy was not all on the side of law and order, especially as it was believed that the methods of the police in collecting evidence had been none too nice.

To understand the situation in Scotland one must go back nearly 250 years. The Act of Union in 1707 ended Scotland's life as a free political entity; the ancient kingdom became a province of North Britain. Scottish assent to the Union was achieved by chicanery and bribery; there was no popular demand for it. But the Union did become popular, or at least less resented, when the wretched poverty of the nation was relieved by the increase of commerce and by Scotland's share in the Industrial Revolution. Edinburgh had ceased to be a political capital, but Glasgow now became a financial one. Old Kings were forgotten in the worship of New King Coal and the river Clyde, as the channel to the Golden West, became itself a yielder of treasure. So why fuss about the vanished freedom?

The nineteenth century Scotland did not fuss. The Stuart claimants to the throne had both failed and their cause was discredited. No more romance! Scotland went to work. Instead of English armies invading Scotland, Scottish careerists crossed the border to make their peaceful gains. They sailed out East and West. And many of those who did not sail as volunteers of the new victory, were driven out by their own Lairds who wanted the glens and the moors as sheep-ranches and later on as deer-forests to be profitably hired for the autumn sport of alien plutocrats. Queen Victoria's devotion to the Highlands in general and Deeside in particular established Scottish holidays as socially correct, and the money poured in to the mountains as well as accumulating in the new industrial towns.

OVER THE lairds and the litterati of Edinburgh had long been priding themselves on the loss of a Scottish accent and a Scottish vocabulary; they sent their sons south for schooling and across the seas for their livelihood. It was accurately noted that Scotland was too small for its own breed and the sons of the schoolhouse and the manse were one of the nation's principal exports. This to a certain extent was true also of Wales and the process continued in both countries until the end of the nineteenth century. Many of the prosperous emigrants looked back on the old countries as small, poor, provincial places. As a Scot born in Malaya, son of an emigrant father, I have known the type and the mood. It was much grander to be a Briton flourishing abroad than a Scot or a Welshman in comparative poverty at home.

Miller Services

THE HISTORIC Stone of Destiny from Westminster Abbey. The ingenious young Scots who extricated it were not prosecuted because the British Government was really nervous about Scottish opinion.

But in recent years there has been an increasing change of temper. Both Scots and Welsh are recovering their national self-respect. Pride of nation is replacing the old shame and the timid escapism. The situation in the two countries is not quite the same, for the Welsh had always held on to their language and today there are 750,000 Welshmen who use Welsh as their normal speech, whereas Gaelic has dwindled to be the normal speech of some fifty thousand in the West Highlands and the Hebrides. Some intellectuals treasure it as a cultural curio, but nobody really believes that it has a useful future.

On the other hand, there is another Scottish language, the Broad Scots of the Lowlands, sometimes known as the Lallans tongue, as opposed to the Hielans which is Gaelic. And here there is a vigorous revival. Most of the Scottish poets—and there are many of them despite a paucity of readers—and the new Scottish dramatists are using the Lallans. This they do to their own financial loss, since they limit their market narrowly.

Furthermore there is a new insistence that the Scottish Universities, instead of forgetting Scotland in their schools of history and literature, shall assert its claim to nationhood in academic matters. Glasgow has now a Reader in Scottish Literature and Edinburgh a vigorous school of Scottish Studies. The great Dictionary of the Scottish Language, so long in the

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making owing to lack of financial support, is to be better assisted and speeded on its way. Nobody can live in Scotland today without feeling a new stirring, which is both a pulse in the blood and a thought in the brain. The idea of being a conquered nation to whom England doles out this and that concession becomes increasingly repulsive. The old may have put up with this humiliation because of the economic advantages. The young will not.

The Welsh have not had to recover their language; they had, especially in the North and West, kept it. But they have had far less of political concession from the English than the Scots and they are now restive on that score. The Scots have always had a Scottish Office in London and a Secretary of State at the head of it. Wales, politically, is merely a section of Britain. The Scots kept their own system of law, as the Welsh did not. Wales has naturally demanded a Welsh Office to look after its affairs at the London end. All it has got is a share of the attention of the Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, himself a Scot sitting for an English constituency. Sir David is one of the world's hardest workers as well as an extremely able Minister, but if he has to fit Welsh matters into his odd half hours, the Welsh can hardly feel flattered.

As a result of this, the demand for genuine Home Rule is spreading in Wales and a petition is being widely signed to demand it. Lady Megan Lloyd-George, now out of Parliament but politically active, is giving the demand her support and her family name is still powerful in Wales. In both countries there has been a National Party for some time, with Home Rule as one of its chief claims. The members of these Parties have frequently contested elections for seats in the British Parliament at Westminster, but only once, at Motherwell in Scotland, has a seat been won, and that was during the war when the two main parties were observing a truce. It was lost shortly afterwards in the next General Election.

Naturally the English can point to these failures as evidence of no real backing for Home Rule. But it must be remembered that the British electoral system, with no Proportional Representation or Second Ballot, is fatal to small parties. At a General Election the voters are whipped up to great excitement on one issue: are they for Attlee or for Churchill, are they for or against Socialism? The two big parties, Conservative and Labor, monopolize the attention; third parties are squeezed out. So the results are false to the general feeling. In both countries the big parties are against Home Rule for Scotland and Wales because they regard it as a diversion of political energies and loyalties. The Labor leaders, on the whole, are more anti-nationalist than the Conservatives. They like and want their place at Westminster. They profit by keeping the class-struggle to the front. Nationalism is a nuisance to them.

So we have a severe pressure against Nationalist demands. The politicians, with their energies devoted to the two-party warfare at Westminster, do not want to be bothered and distracted by other claims. The civil servants, with plenty of work on their hands, do not want to face the huge tangle of administrative problems that Home Rule for Scotland and Wales would involve; the separation of powers and departments would certainly not be a simple matter. Then there are all the Anglo-Welsh and Anglo-Scots, holding important positions in commerce and the professions, who find the present state of affairs rewarding. They regard the Nationalists as provincial, or even parochial, trouble-makers—and go on living well in London, and sending their children to English schools. They may, of course, return to the native mountains for a month, to get the fishing and shooting.

But undoubtedly the Nationalist spirit is mounting, and at some time, in my opinion, it will prevail. The grievances are genuine and many. It seems outrageous to many of the Scots and Welsh that, while Britain is conceding self-government, in various forms and degrees, to colored people all over what was the Empire, it denies the same to its own conquered nations. Millions of Negroes, most of whom cannot read or write and have only the vaguest notion of what democracy means, are more considered than the Scottish and Welsh nations, proud of their educational systems and well-trained in democratic practice.

What happens at Westminster is the occasional allotment of very scanty time for discussion of Scottish and Welsh affairs. It is alleged that in the matter of big industrial developments and capital expenditure England gets too much of the benefit. Nationalization, they say, has worked against nationalism, since it centres more and more administration and power in London. Westminster is not in the least concerned that the small industries of the Highlands are starved by scandalously bad roads and shipping services. And the grievance is not in the Highlands only; the visitor to Scotland who wants to motor north out of Edinburgh will find that he has to cross the Firth of Forth by a grossly inadequate ferry service, involving monstrous delays. There should have been a road bridge long ago. (There has long been a railway bridge almost since railways began.) But London, it is alleged, would not allow the capital outlay. These grievances mount. And tempers are mounting too.

So there is a double movement of forces in both countries, stronger in Scotland, but

now, increasing in strength in Wales. One is based on economic and political considerations. The Fair Shares, between classes, so stressed in Britain's new conception of a Welfare State, should be expanded to Fair Shares between nations. The gift of self Government, if it is right for the millions of illiterates in the Far East, Middle East, and Africa, is none the less right for the educated voters of Scotland and Wales.

The second force is emotional and based on history. Both Scotland and Wales are conquered lands and both peoples have their own district languages, traditions, and ways of life. The English say: "You have all the freedom you need. You are fully represented at Westminster. You can use what lingo you like. You have your own sections of the BBC. You run your own education. What are you grumbling about?"

To this it is replied that the spirit of a nation is not satisfied by small shares in something much bigger, and in many ways alien. Nobody in his senses is demanding separation or distinct military forces and foreign policies or customs barriers and wholly separate finances. But, if Home Rule inside the United Kingdom can be conceded to Northern Ireland, why not to Scotland and Wales? The answer that it would cause administrative trouble is not sufficient. If the National Being has been long submerged by conquest and an imposed political union, that is no reason why it must be submerged for ever. It will doubtless take a long time for the nationalist pressures to win; but the day will come.

ALL Nationalist movements have their lunatic fringe and there is some silly extremist talk. But, on the whole, there is no hatred. These movements are pro-Scots and pro-Welsh, not anti-English. I myself, an absentee Scot sympathetic to Scottish Home Rule, am not excited by things which excite the more enthusiastic. I do not care whether Queen Elizabeth is named Elizabeth the Second in Scotland, though many are anxious to remind the world that she is Elizabeth the First of Scotland because Scotland was an independent kingdom during the reign in England of Elizabeth Tudor. Not being a ritualist in religion I do not care where ritual stones are located. But I agree with those Scots and Welsh that there is a logical, as well as an emotional case, for devolution of powers. Edinburgh has still its Parliament House and looks every inch a capital. It can fairly claim to be so once more—and more than half the adult population has signed the Covenant demanding that it should be. The Covenant was derided as a phoney affair, which people signed without thinking or for fun and may even have signed twice over. But it did stand for something, something that grows.

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Ottawa Letter

Heavy Weather at the Close

By John A. Stevenson

IN THE CLOSING sessions of Parliament few of the Ministers, unless they were evasive in their replies and explanations had a difficult time with their estimates. The Tories persisted in baiting Mr. Claxton, at whose door they laid various charges of incompetence and extravagance. They extracted from him, by implication at least, an admission that their allegations about the parlous state of our reserve army were well founded, when he announced that a plan for its drastic reorganization is in train. He was also placed in an awkward corner by Lt.-General Guy Simonds, the Army's Chief of Staff, when the latter emerged in a public speech as a vigorous advocate of compulsory military training.

The Government ran into heavy weather in the Senate with its bill for providing cheap insurance for civil servants and members of the armed forces. Senator Muriel McQueen Fergusson acted as the indignant spokesman of a large body of female civil servants who dislike the measure because they expect to marry and leave the civil service long before they die and they feel that the premiums they would have to pay would be lost money. She was joined by Senator John T. Haig, the Tory leader, and by most of the group of independent Liberals, who are the real opposition in the Senate. Their forceful criticisms of the bill induced the Government to pacify them by eliminating its compulsory feature.

During the discussion of Mr. Pickersgill's estimates, George C. Nowlan (PC, Digby-Annapolis-Kings) raised the issue of what he called "the unfortunate situation now existing as far as awards of recognition to Canadian civil personnel". Today there is only one Canadian-born peer, Lord Shaughnessy, and knighthood only flowers on a few elderly gentlemen in odd corners of the country. Military honors are still bestowed for gallantry in action, but for Canadian civilians the fountain of honor has not played since Mr. St. Laurent formed his Ministry. Mr. Nowlan did not want any revival of hereditary titles and was content to keep knighthoods in abeyance, but he was a strong advocate of the utilization of the lower grades of the Order of the British Empire, the CBE, the OBE and the MBE for rewarding honorable public service. He also sought some elucidation of the strange mystery of the Canada Medal, which in Mr. Mackenzie King's time was established with a great fanfare of trumpets and which has never been awarded to a single individual. He made out a reasonably strong case for his proposal and it received cordial support from H. W. Herridge (CCF, Kootenay West).

Mr. Nowlan was probably not aware that this Order of the British Empire, which he likes so much, was mainly responsible for the abolition of titles in Canada. It was inaugurated in 1917 and word was sent to Ottawa from London that a very large batch of Canadians could be

GEORGE C. NOWLAN: No honors?

nominated for the different grades of this new honor. At this particular time Sir Robert Borden, who was Prime Minister, was away from Ottawa serving on the Imperial War Cabinet and so others had to handle the matter. In those days the Governor General had some voice in the bestowal of honors and it was with the approval of the Cabinet that his secretary wrote to the Lieutenant Governors of all the provinces asking them to compile lists of persons in their bailiwicks, whom they deemed worthy of the new honor. The Lieutenant Governors took counsel with the provincial Premiers, their own wives, and other trusted confidants and the lists were duly completed and forwarded to Ottawa, where it was decided to await the return of Sir Robert before making any announcements about the favored ones.

Now it was inevitable that information about the names on these lists would leak out in almost every province and the result was that when Sir Robert reached Ottawa he found his desk piled high with a mass of correspondence about the new order. A small fraction of it consisted of expressions of gratitude, but the great bulk of it took the form of lamentations, complaints and protests. Faithful supporters of long standing wanted to know why their names had been omitted from the lists, when inveterate Liberals had been included.

Sir Robert had found a nice packet of complicated problems demanding his immediate attention. After reading a few of the letters about the new order, he became angry and decided to escape from the mess of trouble, in which it was obviously going to involve him, by accepting on behalf of the Government a resolution that W. F. Nickle, Conservative member for Kingston, had moved for the abolition of titles. The support of Sir Wilfrid Laurier ensured its passage.

So no civilian honors were bestowed in Canada until the late Lord Bennett, after he came to power in 1930, decided upon their restoration. He was a firm believer in the principle of aristocracy and had a strong sentimental admiration for all British practices and institutions. But he knew that his move did not command general approval and, feeling that it was essential for its success to avoid any charge of partisan bias in the award of honors, he entrusted most of the work of selection to the late Dr. O. D. Skelton, a life-long Liberal, who was then Under-Secretary for External Affairs. Scrupulous care was taken to reserve the restored honors for people who had an unchallengeable record of fine public service, or who had attained real distinction in some other field than politics. Indeed, virtually no active politician received an honor and the political affiliations of other recipients were disregarded.

On the whole, when the list of individuals honored was published, it had a favorable reception in the country, but it was the beginning of trouble for Lord Bennett. He received a flood of letters of the same type as those which had driven Sir Robert Borden to support the abolition of titles. Lord Bennett told your correspondent that he had regretted his restoration of honors, because it had made him as many enemies as friends, had stirred up a turmoil of jealousy and recrimination and had revealed to him a streak of petty-minded meanness in certain elements of the Canadian people. In his later years of office Lord Bennett awarded few honors and any other Prime Minister who restored titles would likely have the same experience that he and Sir Robert had.

Foreign Affairs

The Kremlin Woos The Ukrainians

By Roman Rachmanny

THERE HAVE BEEN many editorial comments in the American and Canadian press on the big "celebrations" being held in the USSR to mark 300 years of "fraternal association between the Ukraine and Russia". These comments are friendly to the Ukraine and well-intentioned; most of them assume that nobody back home in the Ukraine or anywhere else is being fooled by Soviet hypocrisy. The Ukraine is confidently presented as a thorn in the side of the Russians.

Most of these commentators presume too much on the very slight effort the West has made to encourage Ukrainian resistance. It is true that Ukrainians carried on a never-ceasing resistance to Russian rule during the war and for several years afterwards, and that even today the underground struggle goes on. But how little the West has ever done to help! During the war their politicians and diplomats were much too tactful to embarrass their Soviet ally by any suggestion of support for Ukrainian independence. The dreadful scenes in Germany in which Ukrainian patriots—so-called "DPs"—were handed over at bayonet point to the Russians, immediately after the war in accordance with the Yalta Agreement, can never be forgotten.

It was not until 1949 that the Voice of America, and not until 1952 that the Voice of Canada, began broadcasting in the Ukrainian language. But *never* is anything said over these programs committing the Western nations to the cause of Ukrainian liberation. On the contrary, when official spokesmen enumerate the peoples now living in Soviet slavery they don't even mention the 42 million Ukrainians, though they never forget to include the one million Albanians.

Perhaps the most significant move made in any Western country is the resolution put forward by Representative Smith of Wisconsin in the U.S. House of Representatives some time ago, calling for direct diplomatic relations with the Government of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, and with the Byelorussian Government, too. The idea behind this was that the Soviets, in trying to gain favor with the Ukrainians and Byelorussians by giving them a facade of independence through their membership in the United Nations, had laid themselves open to exploitation by our diplomacy, if only we were bold enough to see the opportunity. Let us not only recognize, but proclaim Ukrainian and Byelorussian independence. This idea, up to now, has been too radical for Western diplomatic minds.

But the West has done just enough to spur the Russians to make a real effort on their side. There was first of all the separate flag and national anthem "granted" to the Ukraine in 1950. Since then, more Ukrainians, or at least people with Ukrainian names, have appeared in high civilian and military posts in the Ukraine than ever before in the Soviet era. A General Halytsky now holds the command of the Odessa Military District formerly held by Marshal Zhukov, and Vice-Admiral V. A. Parkhomenko commands the Black Sea Fleet. There was even a moment, after the death of Stalin, when "Russification policies" in the Ukraine were publicly denounced. But the celebration of the so-called Treaty of Pereyaslav of 1654 has topped anything to date.

This began in spectacular fashion in January of this year, when the Praesidium of the Soviet Union formally handed over the Crimea to the Ukraine. There is a long history behind this. During the 16th and 17th centuries the Turks had controlled large reaches of the Ukraine through their Tartar vassals in the Crimea. In 1918 the Germans had categorically refused the Ukrainian claim to the Crimea in the treaty they wrote at Brest-Litovsk with the Ukrainian National Republic. This gave rise to skirmishes between the Germans and the Ukrainians, who had freed the Crimea from the Bolsheviks. The following year the Crimean port of Sevastopol was used, along with Odessa, as a base for British and French support for the White Guard offensive of Denikin and Wrangel against the Ukrainian National Republic.

The Soviet Russia of Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin regarded the Crimea as a Gibraltar controlling the approaches to the Ukraine. It therefore attached this peninsula—just as has been done more lately with strategic East Prussia — *to the Russian SFSR*, though there was no geographical connection, and all ethnic, historical and economic factors were against it. Suddenly, at a word of command, the Soviet press cites all these reasons why the Crimea should now belong to the Ukraine.

The Kremlin, it seems, is prepared to take some slight risk with its "aircraft carrier in the Black Sea" if it can lure the Ukrainians from the "deceitful propaganda of the Ukrainian nationalists and the capitalists of Wall Street". In reality this is a premium paid on an insurance policy intended to avert, in any future war, a repetition of the mass desertions of Ukrainian and other non-Russian peoples from the Red Army such as occurred in 1941.

I have been moved to this warning by the news that my old friend V. Okhrymovich, allegedly parachuted into the Ukraine by "American counter-espionage", has been caught and put to death. I knew Okhrymovich before the war, and I met him several times during the war in the Ukraine.

After the war I shared a room with him in a West European city, until the day he decided to return to the Ukraine. Why did he go back? The place for those who directed the Ukrainian underground, he believed, was home in the Ukraine and not abroad. Officially, he was "requested" to go back by the Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council, the political body which directs the activities of the UPA, the Ukrainian Insurgent Army.

The Kremlin, of course, calls Okhrymovich an "American spy". It depicts him and his fellow Ukrainian nationalists as nothing more than collaborators of the United States. And it doesn't fail to point out that the United States, to quote from its recent Ambassador to Moscow, George Kennan, looks upon the Ukraine as "just as much a part of Russia as Pennsylvania is of the United States". If this, or the concept of the reactionary Russian emigrés of the American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism of a "democratic federation" of the Ukraine and Russia, is all that U.S. policy can put forward, we cannot be confident that we are winning the struggle for the soul of the Ukrainian people.

(Note by Willson Woodside: "Roman Rachmanny" is the pseudonym of a Ukrainian journalist who has lived in Toronto for the past five years.)

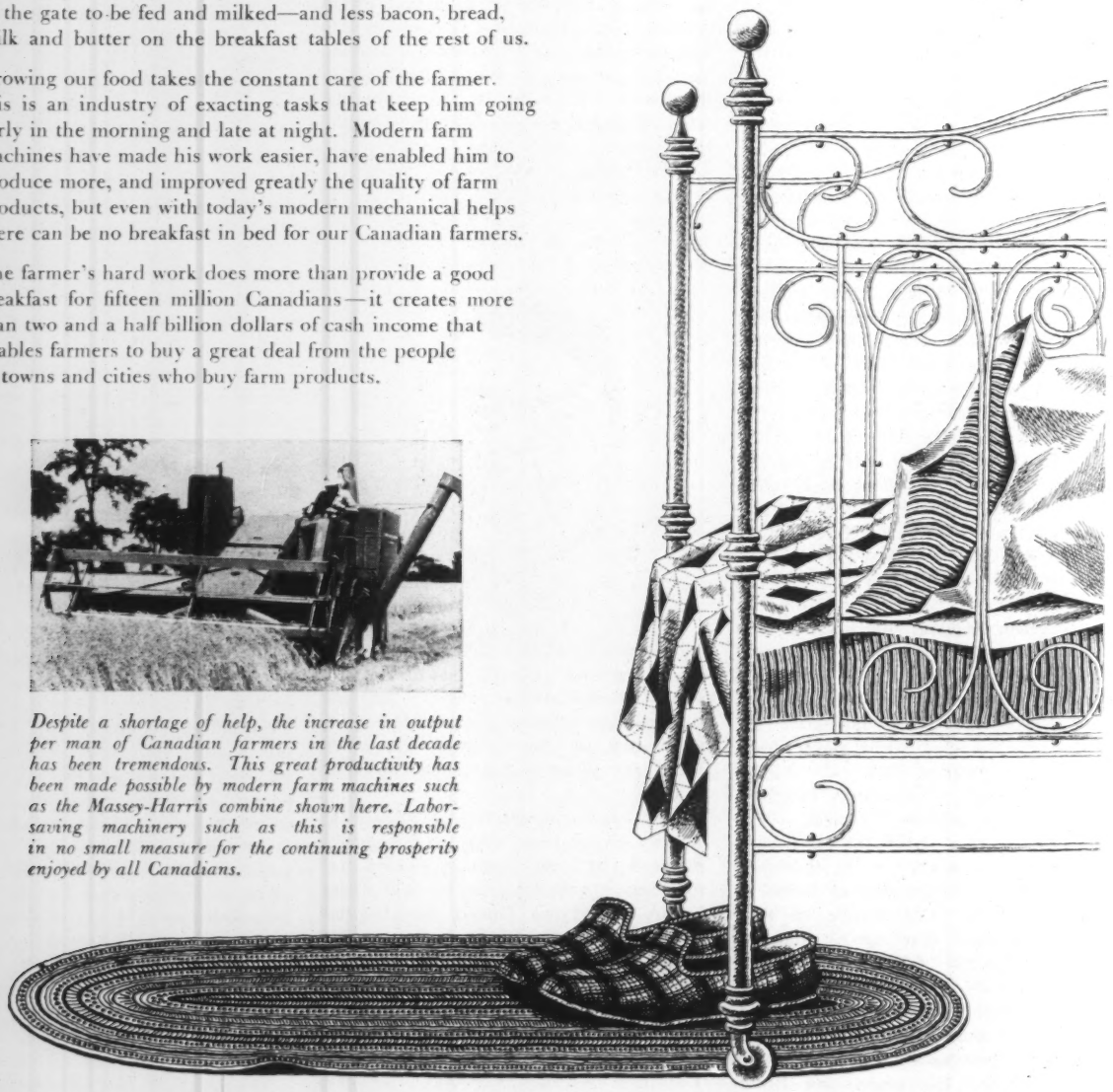
His breakfast in bed
...means no breakfast for you

That's right—imagine the chaos if the farmer didn't heed the call of the alarm clock. Pigs and poultry clamoring for feed; crops waiting to be planted or harvested; cows bawling at the gate to be fed and milked—and less bacon, bread, milk and butter on the breakfast tables of the rest of us.

Growing our food takes the constant care of the farmer. His is an industry of exacting tasks that keep him going early in the morning and late at night. Modern farm machines have made his work easier, have enabled him to produce more, and improved greatly the quality of farm products, but even with today's modern mechanical helps there can be no breakfast in bed for our Canadian farmers.

The farmer's hard work does more than provide a good breakfast for fifteen million Canadians—it creates more than two and a half billion dollars of cash income that enables farmers to buy a great deal from the people in towns and cities who buy farm products.

Despite a shortage of help, the increase in output per man of Canadian farmers in the last decade has been tremendous. This great productivity has been made possible by modern farm machines such as the Massey-Harris combine shown here. Labor-saving machinery such as this is responsible in no small measure for the continuing prosperity enjoyed by all Canadians.



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Books

Bouillon Cubes for the Curious

By Robertson Davies

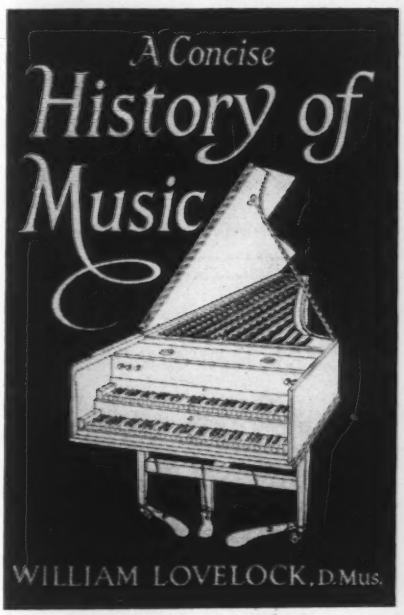
QUITE A NUMBER OF PEOPLE, of whom I am one, get a special pleasure from reading books of reference. There is something deeply satisfactory about taking in large doses of concise, accurate, factual knowledge; it may be compared, perhaps, to the sensations of the mountain climber as he chews up a handful of bouillon cubes while resting on an upper slope of Everest; so much undoubted nourishment has been consumed with so little exertion. Alas, the knowledge does not always remain, but the sensation of assimilating it is stimulating and enjoyable. During the past week I have been happily working my way through four books of concentrated information, all of which I am happy to recommend.

The first of these is *Everyman's Dictionary of Dates;* this old friend from the famous Everyman's Library has been revised by C. Arnold-Baker and Anthony Dent, and now appears in the slightly enlarged Everyman volume. Though the revision has been extensive the book is still out of date on its information about Canadian Family Allowances, for one thing, and in the list of Governors-General of Australia I looked in vain for the name of Lord Huntingfield. Canadian Orangemen may be surprised to find the date of the Battle of the Boyne given as July 1, and that of "Orangemen's Day" as July 13.

It is somewhat surprising to find that the National Anthem of Canada is given as "The Maple Leaf Forever", with "O Canada: Terre de nos aieux" as that of "Canada (French)". We may wonder also what Calixa Lavallée would have said to the flat statement that his tune is "adapted from the priest's march in Mozart's *Magic Flute*". But if the reader accepts the fact that the book is focussed very much upon England and the matters which Englishmen consider important, it is a very good book, and full of solid meat, as well as titbits.

A lover of titbits, I was happy to collect the names of a few fine specimens for my list of Rulers For Whom I Should Have Been Happy To Serve As Prime Minister; the new ones are Alfonso IX the Slobberer and Enrique IV the Impotent, of Castile, and Selim the Sot and Mustafa the Imbecile, of the Ottoman Empire. I was interested, also, to learn that the Polish Army preserved the tradition of Lancer Regiments from the Middle Ages until 1939, when they last used them against the Russians. I was glad to know that Osteopathy was perfected in all its splendor in 1874, though the book is silent on the genesis of Chiropractic.

I do not know how some of my friends will feel about the omission of any list of Scottish authors (though the book has a full column of Scots scientists) but I was happy to find that Welsh Authors ran to three columns. Among British composers I was interested to find Sir George Henschel and John Pyke Hullah, but why do they get in when Constant Lambert and Jackson of Exeter are left out? However, it is easy enough for any captious pedant to find omissions and an occasional error in a work of this scope. What is important is that it gives 36,000 dates in a handy book, and anyone with enough sense to use a book of reference will have enough sense to spot the tiny fraction of error. I, for one, am grateful to have this excellent work in a revised form, and shall lean upon it with confidence.



JACKET DESIGN

Books of quotations are always very good reading. *Everyman's Dictionary of Shakespeare Quotations,* edited by D. C. Browning, is a first-rate compilation of its kind, and the best thing at the price that you are likely to get. True, some of my favorite quotations—drawn from the more raucous squawks of the Swan of Avon—are not included, but those who value them will discover for themselves where to find them. The book makes excellent reading, if one simply takes it up and, beginning anywhere, goes straight ahead for a few pages. It has certain features which increase its value, including good summaries of the plots of all the plays, and quotations *about* Shakespeare, as well as the full text of his will. Students and general readers will find it a good three dollars' worth.

Quotation is an accomplishment which is not much cultivated in Canada. It requires a good deal of skill in handling, but it is worth any trouble to acquire. People who quote all the time are bores, of course, and even worse are those who quote ineptly. The worst among this latter group are those who seize upon a word—any word—that crops up in conversation, and hang a quotation upon it. For instance, if I meet a man and say: "Foul weather, isn't it?" and he ponderously replies—

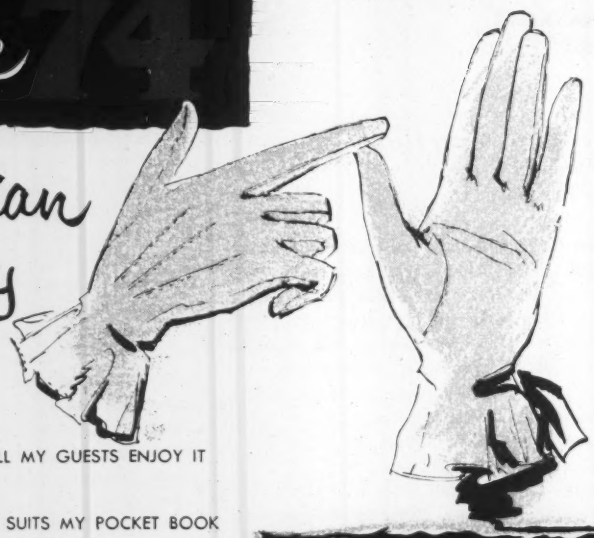
Fair is foul and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

—I think that I am justified in regarding him as a boob who cannot hold his Shakespeare like a gentleman. But an apt quotation now and then gives several kinds of pleasure—the pleasure of its aptness, the pleasure of recognition, the pleasure of illuminating an ordinary conversation with a flash of poetry—and we do not encounter enough of it.

THE third book is *A Concise History of Music* by Dr. William Lovelock. He begins, refreshingly, by warning against too much emphasis on history in studying music; it gives a false idea of what music is, and leans toward the foolish idea that the most modern composer, with the biggest orchestra and the most comprehensive notion of harmony, is somehow a better equipped and richer man than Palestrina, or even Bach. Having made this point with grace and skill, Dr. Lovelock leads us through about 1000 years of musical history, grouping his composers and his kinds of music in a way which enables us to find our way about with the least possible confusion. It is no small feat to write as good an expository book as this, without becoming too technical and without skipping or slighting large areas of fine music. As a book for young students—say from twelve to twenty—this book has many merits; the adult amateur will find it good reading, as well as good instruction. Lists of gramophone records are suggested, and there are also references to other books which will supplement this brief study.

It is an interesting fact, by the way, that many musicians are excellent writers.

I like Canadian Sherry



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Dr. Percy Scholes's *Oxford Companion to Music* is one of the most consistently well-written and entertaining books that I know, and a treasury for the browser. Dr. Lovelock has much of Dr. Scholes's firm but delicate touch.

The last of these books is a work for specialists, but I found it full of fascination. It is *Music for the Piano*, and it is a catalogue, with commentary, on the music written between 1580 and 1952 which can be performed on the piano. It is the work of James Friskin and Irwin Freundlich, and their notes on the music they mention have the kind of crisp good sense which Joseph Conrad admired so much in the instructions given to master mariners.

Consider this comment on Chopin's Ballade in G Minor, Op. 23: "The first thirty measures or so, easy technically, are actually the most difficult interpretatively. Later, some rapid legato octave scales need a strong mechanism; and the coda taxes a small hand, with the demand for a powerful rotation technique in passages resembling those of the Etude Opus 10, No. 10." That is the way in which these gentlemen make their comments, offering pointers on technique and taste.

Surely every serious teacher of the piano needs a copy of this book? It contains references to heaps of music which is rarely heard, but which is quite suitable as teaching material for students in early and advanced piano work. Why not delve into it, and give parents, friends and music critics a rest from the hundred and fifty-odd pieces which are chewed to tatters in the jaws of angry pianos every year? This book tells you what the music is like, and where you can get it. In my view it is a great boon to teachers, performers, and certainly to audiences, who weary of hackneyed works.

EVERYMAN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES—pp. 404—*Dent*—$3.00.

EVERYMAN'S DICTIONARY OF SHAKESPEARE QUOTATIONS—pp. 560—*Dent*—$3.00.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF MUSIC—by William Lovelock, D. Mus.—pp. 240 and illustrations—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.50.

MUSIC FOR THE PIANO — by James Friskin and Irwin Freundlich—pp. 432—*Clarke, Irwin* $5.00.

•

Night Breakers

Dark looms the high sea:
Piled huge and fearful out of a distant night
The staggered monsters lift in a snarl of white
And crashing come down to their thundered end;
Dying in sleek unshattered sand
They vanish, mirrored in stars.

PETER WAITE

Saturday Night

The Truth About McCarthy: The Malmedy Massacre

By JACK ANDERSON and RONALD W. MAY: PART VI

AT CHRISTMASTIME, 1944, when Captain Joe McCarthy was busy signing papers to get out of the Marine Corps, a grisly drama was being enacted at Malmedy crossroads in Belgium. German SS men lined up captured American soldiers in wheat fields, then mowed them down with machine guns. Out of their screams was to come another *cause célèbre* for Senator McCarthy. His "clients": the murderers.

The case has since become known as the "Malmedy Massacre"; it involved atrocities committed by the first SS Panzer Regiment under command of a swaggering, Himmler-trained killer — Colonel Joachim Peiper. Peiper ordered his men to take no prisoners; Nazi Germany's back was to the wall, and the niceties of international law, he said, would have to be discarded. His most elite battalion earned the nickname of "Blowtorch Battalion" after it burned two villages in Belgium and killed all the inhabitants. It was this same group which laughingly murdered 150 captured American soldiers and 100 Belgian civilians.

After the war, seventy-four members of Peiper's Blowtorch Battalion were brought to trial by shocked American prosecutors. Forty-three were sentenced to die, and then began a long series of legal manoeuvres aimed at putting off the execution date. Little by little, the Malmedy case dropped out of the public memory, and soon the convicted Nazis and their lawyers decided the time was ripe to beat the rap. Sixteen months had already passed since the trials when, mysteriously, dozens of affidavits began pouring out of the death blocks where the Nazi war criminals were held. Each affidavit said the same—that American prosecutors had tortured the confessions from the prisoners. They alleged that matches were forced under their fingernails and lighted, that they were clubbed around their abdomens and sex organs, and left in pools of their own blood until they signed confessions.

Such allegations appeared only skimpily in the American press; their origin and their purpose were too obvious. But in Germany the charges were circulated via headlines all over the country. The noise reached such a volume that the prisoners were granted a U.S. Supreme Court review; this gave the German Communist press another excuse to rehash the charges. When the Supreme Court upheld the sentences, the Red news organs called this positive proof that the United States was anti-German and anti-justice.

The Senate became so concerned with the propagandistic guerrilla warfare that it appointed a three-man investigating subcommittee in April, 1949. Senators Baldwin of Connecticut, Kefauver of Tennessee, and Hunt of Wyoming announced before they began their study that they would make no report until every last witness had been interrogated, until every shred of evidence had been studied and fitted into the picture. And with a Congressional Medal winner, Marine Colonel Joseph Chambers, as counsel, the committee went to work.

Baldwin, the mild-mannered Senator from Connecticut, opened the hearings

Herblock in The Washington Post
"I HAVE HERE IN MY HAND—OOPS".

with Senator McCarthy at his side. Joe had demanded the right to "sit in", although he was not a committee member. And Baldwin consented, rather than risk a long imbroglio with the brass-knuckled young man from Wisconsin. McCarthy drew up a list of witnesses, and Colonel Chambers accepted it, again in an effort to keep McCarthy happy. Joe's next major victory was committee permission to cross-examine witnesses. And from then on, Joe dominated the hearings.

When Colonel Burton F. Ellis, chief prosecutor in the Malmedy trial, took the witness stand, Joe interrupted him after one minute, accused him of making "phenomenal" statements, and issued a scathing denunciation.

The committee called Kenneth Ahrens, one of twelve survivors of Malmedy who had escaped the Nazis by falling to the ground and feigning death.

Senator Hunt asked him: "As I understand your statement, during the killing, the SS troops seemed to be in a hilarious mood and seemed to be enjoying their work?"

"Very much so," said eyewitness Ahrens.

Joe was on his feet. He accused Ahrens of trying to "inflame the public" and instigating "a Roman holiday" by his testimony. McCarthy seemed to grow angrier and angrier. Red-faced and perspiring, he screamed that the judges who had convicted the Nazis were "morons". As for the U.S. officers who obtained the confessions, McCarthy demanded that they be given a lie-detector test. Evidently, the thought that the convicted men could be lying never entered his mind; he asked for no such test on them. He reserved all of his wrath for American officers.

McCarthy, a former circuit judge, knew that evidence obtained from the lie-detector is admissible in almost no U.S. courts. But he continued to insist on lie-detector tests, threatening to accuse the committee publicly of whitewashing the evidence. Finally, patient Chairman Baldwin took the proposal before the full Senate Armed Services Committee, where it was voted down as ridiculous.

McCarthy's denunciations kept up for several weeks, both on and off the floor of the Senate. The Communist press in Germany was echoing every word; mass meetings were held, and an inflamed Germany threatened riots if the convicted murderers were executed. There was nothing left to do but commute the sentences. The committee had proved beyond a question of a doubt that the verdicts were just; but the United States was in no position to cope with German mass riots incited by what seemed to the Germans as true statements made by an accredited American lawmaker. The defeat went to Baldwin's committee, the victory to German Communism and German Nazism—and Joe McCarthy was the man who had turned the tide.

But there remained more sinister aspects of the case to be investigated. Where had McCarthy turned up his "evidence" against the American prosecutors? Where did Joe get the information that enabled him to say: "I have seen documentary evidence that (the German war criminals) were subjected to beatings and physical violence in such forms as could only be devised by warped minds. They were subjected to sham trials, to mock hangings; and families were deprived of rations . . ."?

THE answer came out one day when McCarthy carelessly mislaid a brown manilla envelope in a Congressional hearing room. It bore the return address of Rudolf Aschenauer, of Frankfurt, Germany. A check was made with Army intelligence officers, who reported that

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Aschenauer was a member of a Communist spy ring. He funnelled the trumped-up charges to McCarthy, then planted the charges in the German press between Senator McCarthy's quotation marks. Joe gave Aschenauer's Communist fictions the ring of truth, and the German people were convinced.

One of the present authors has examined the brown manilla envelope in the files of the Armed Services Committee. But McCarthy denied that he was getting material from Aschenauer. Under oath in legal proceedings in 1951, he testified as follows:

Q — Do you know Mr. Rudolf Aschenauer yourself?
A — *I don't think so . . .*
Q — Senator, you did actually receive and send communications to Rudolf Aschenauer, did you not?
A — *Not that I recall . . .*
Q — Was Aschenauer one of the principal informants who sent you communications?
A — The answer is *no.*
Q — He was one of the informants, but not a principal one?
A — I have had *no contact* with Aschenauer of any kind.

But two years previously Aschenauer himself told the Committee a different story, before it was learned that he was a Communist charged with fomenting anti-American hatred in Germany. At Committee hearings in Germany, there was this testimony:

Q — Where are you submitting the affidavits . . .
A — For example, to McCarthy . . .

WHY HAD McCarthy taken his stand on behalf of the Nazi war criminals? Part of the answer might be traced to the strong pro-German groups in Wisconsin's voting populace, with whom McCarthy has always sought to endear himself. Then, too, McCarthy's old friend Walter Harnischfeger, the Milwaukee pre-fab manufacturer, was ordered in 1942, by the President's Fair Employment Practices Commission to stop discriminating against workers because of race and religion. The FEPC charged that Harnischfeger refused to employ either Negro or Jewish Americans and advertised for "gentile, white and protestant" help. In the post-war period, Harnischfeger made frequent trips to Germany, returning to criticize the war-crime trials, and to urge that Germany's pre-war colonies be restored, and to protest against the dismantling of German factories. The old man's views were widely reprinted by the fellow traveller of the Axis, Upton Close—and by Senator Joe McCarthy, in the *Congressional Record*.

Ten days after the Malmedy investigation was begun, a young man named Tom Korb arrived to act as McCarthy's brains on the case. Korb worked for six weeks, carried on the books as McCarthy's "administrative assistant". He stayed long enough to help Joe write a Senate speech on the Malmedy Massacre, delivered on July 26, 1949, and then he went back to his job as a lawyer and corporation official in Milwaukee. His employer: the Harnischfeger Corporation.

TO JOE McCarthy's fellow Senators, one question has always been paramount: Who has financed him? Certainly he has not always been capable of paying his own way, to judge by his income-tax returns.

Where was the money coming from?

Although this question had been asked most frequently after he was elected Senator, it could just as easily have been asked when Joe was a struggling circuit judge whose salary had just shot up from $2,500 to $8,000 a year. Somehow or other the Judge accumulated enough cash to buy about $50,000 worth of railroad stocks, and a year later he cashed in with a $42,353.92 profit.

In 1944, when he ran against Alexander Wiley for the Senate, Joe dredged up an extra $18,000 to help with the campaign expenses. He explained that the money came from his relatives. The breakdown showed a contribution of $10,600 from brother Howard, a farm auctioneer who never made more than $4,000 a year in his life, and who had never reported any income to the state before 1944. Sister Olive's husband, Roman Kornely, was put down for $3,000 in a year in which his income, as a grocery clerk was less than $2,000. Joe's father, Tim, contributed $4,000, although the old man had never reported any income to the state. The total was $17,600, all from the McCarthy clan, which had no wide reputation for affluence before that time.

Down through the years, Joe had shown a similar dependence on his family, even though he was making more total income than all the other McCarthys combined. As late as 1950, he was listing heavy interest payments to his relatives, some of them running back as far as twenty years. In 1949, for example, he said he paid brother Howard $2,557.70 in interest, explaining to the press later that some of the indebtedness dated back to 1929. Figured at 4 per cent, this would be the annual interest on $63,942.50.

Why did Senator Joe McCarthy, earning $12,500 a year as a Senator and picking up little titbits like $42,000 on the stock market and $10,000 from Lustron, have to turn to his relatives for money—which he did as late as 1950?

Joe said the answer lay in the high cost of his "crusade against Communism". But no matter what the reason, it is significant to note that interest payments on loans are deductible when computing income taxes and they enabled Joe McCarthy to pay low taxes on a high income.

But meanwhile, McCarthy was weaving

tangled financial web; and he got so sted up in it that it took his rich friends extricate him. Joe had borrowed over 0,000 to underwrite his stock specula- s, judging from the "interest payments" d in his income-tax return. Of this, his metown banker, Matt Schuh, dug into coffers of the Appleton State Bank for ,000, and then sweated out the repay- nts while the state bank examiners ched over his shoulder.

Joe was skating on thin financial ice; and nervous Schuh kept dunning him for re margin. When the bank directors eatened to sell Joe's collateral out from der him, he sent out an SOS. The rescue arty included McCarthy's hired office an, Ray Kiermas; the industrialist, Walter Harnischfeger; a millionaire manu- acturer, Frank Sensenbrenner; an Apple- on liquor dealer, Abe Polisky; and the Prince of Outer Baldonia, Russell Arundel.

Joe may have plunged too deep into the stock-and-bond market; it was sink or swim. But before he went down for the third time, thousands of $1 and $5 bills be- gan to come in from patriotic Americans, anxious to help finance the fight against Communism.

From the day Joe blew into Washington, the mail became heavy between his Senate office and the Appleton State Bank; and the letters grew more urgent as Joe sank deeper in the quagmire of extra-curricular, marginal speculation. On the letterhead of the circuit court chambers, Judge Joe wrote to Banker Schuh on June 18, 1945:

DEAR MATT:

In making my request for a loan of approxi- mately $75,000.00 in which I will put up as security certain stocks, I am fully aware of the fact that you may find it necessary or may be called upon to dispose of the stocks to protect this loan. If and when that situa- tion should arise, obviously there can be no objection on my part.

In other words, Matt, I am requesting this loan, being fully aware of all hazards.

Yours sincerely,

JOE MCCARTHY.

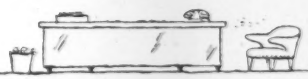
By April 9, 1947, Joe had fallen behind on his payments; and Schuh wrote anxiously:

I am very much concerned about these notes, because in the event the examiners call on us while the notes are past due, they will immediately ask us to sell the collateral and pay the notes in full. . . .

Joe went to his office manager, Ray Kiermas, and got him to put up his 10,000 savings account. Joe also arranged or Liquor Dealer Abe Polisky to sign a 2,500 note. And by December, McCarthy as able to take his banker friend off the ot, at least temporarily, by submitting e $20,000 promissory note, vouched for the self-styled Prince of Outer Baldonia, ussell Arundel.

But McCarthy's finances stayed about as eady as an earthquake; and in another e months the state bank examiners not

If your partner died to-day



would you have the cash on hand right now to buy out his interest?

If your partner died to-day, your business would have to be, by law, dissolved. If you haven't the cash on hand right now to buy out his interest, his estate could sell to a complete stranger. It has happened before!

When death dissolves a partnership, you and your partner's estate are jointly responsible for *all* the debts of the firm. Credit becomes hard to get. Ample cash on hand, to acquire control and keep the business going, is absolutely essential.

Look at it another way. Suppose *you* died first. What hardship would face your family if the business had to be liquidated by forced sale—not as a going concern, but at its mere book value?

To protect the mutual interests of your partnership, there should be a Partnership Buy-and-Sell Agreement, financed and guaranteed by life insurance. Lawyers endorse such an agreement as one of the essential business safeguards.

The Great-West Life has made a special study of the application of life insurance to business partnerships. It will be to your advantage to consult a Great-West Life representative. There is no obligation . . . except to those who depend on you.

Write to our nearest branch or direct to our head office for qualified advice regarding your particular situation.

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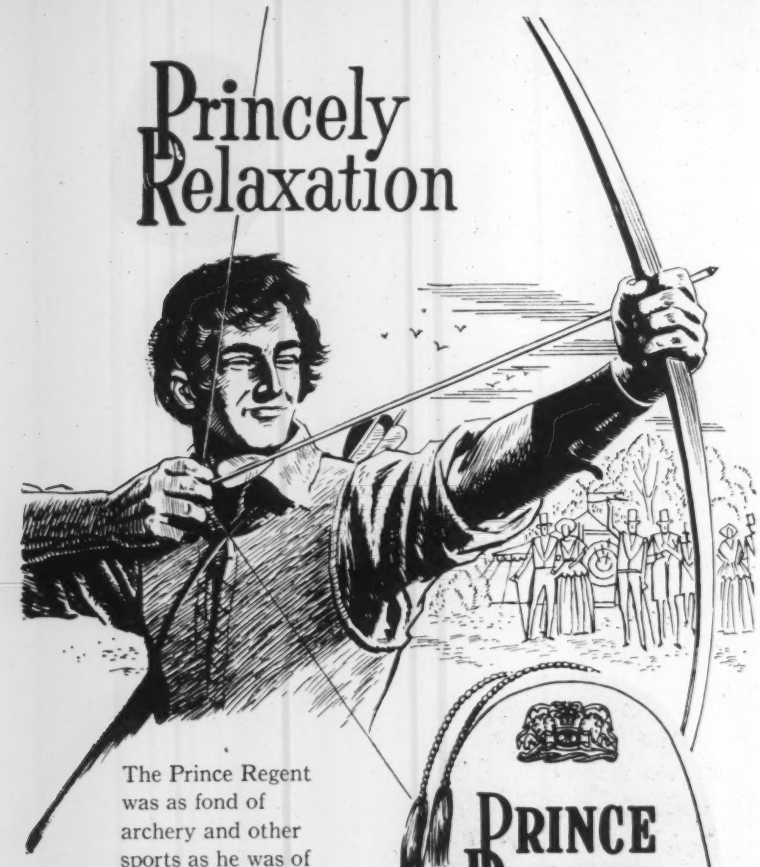

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Whisky

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only placed the Arundel note "on the objectionable list," according to Schuh, but "were very much insistent that we take the $10,000.00 savings account of Ray Kiermas on the payment of the note."

On January 4, 1949, Banker Schuh totalled up Joe's collateral, which came to $56,869.93. Of this $23,452.50 belonged to Employee Kiermas, including his handy $10,000.00 savings account. But all this still wasn't enough to hold up McCarthy's financial house of cards. Schuh warned wearily: "With both your collateral and that of Ray Kiermas, the margin is only 7 per cent, so you can see that something will have to be done immediately with reference to bolstering this collateral or paying the loans."

Finally, on November 25, 1949, Schuh wrote:

> The directors have now given me an outright order to the effect that unless your loans are paid in full, I am to immediately contact Wayne Hummer and Co. (McCarthy's broker) and sell out your collateral. . .

It was only three months later that McCarthy made his big splash against Communists-in-government. And with the front-page clippings came paper of a more substantial nature: greenbacks to help finance his crusade. By September, 1951, Joe was able to pay off his bank loan and a balance of $14,016.63 that he still owed his millionaire friend, Frank J. Sensenbrenner. "This should help your ulcers," Joe wrote to Matt Schuh on September 11, as he wiped out the debt.

But McCarthy's costs had also increased. When he lamented after 1950 that "it costs money to fight Communism," he was telling the truth. He had shelled out salaries and expenses for as many as five investigators working on the single subject of Communism. One of the investigators, Don Surine, boasted to an acquaintance that he averaged $700 to $800 a week in salary and expenses. Only a small portion of this money could come from the general hiring fund allowed for each Senator; the rest had to come out of Joe's pocket.

McCarthy's finances led the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to inquire editorially:

How can a Senator lose money year after year, lose more than he makes from his government salary, his lecture fees, his literary efforts, and other sources of revenue—and still manage to eat as well and entertain as lavishly as Senator Joseph R. McCarthy does?

This question could not be answered yet.

This is the sixth of nine excerpts from the sensational biography "McCarthy — The Man, The Senator, The 'Ism'", written by Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May who spent more than a year gathering material for the book published by S. J. Reginald Saunders (pp. 431, $4.85). The seventh instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Sports

The Triumph of Evil

By Jim Coleman

IT IS DISQUIETING to observe the public prints glorifying the unfortunate training habits of Christopher Chataway, the English distance runner. Christopher is the burly bunion-cultivator who, two months ago, chased Roger Bannister to a new world record of 3.59:4 for the mile. Then, on June 21, Christopher chased Australia's John Landy to an even more spectacular record of 3.58.

Chataway is a cheerful, friendly sort of chappie and Bannister and Landy especially should prize his unselfishness. But this is not Chataway's only merit; he should also receive acclaim in the press as one of the world's half-dozen best milers. Instead, much has been made of Christopher's defiance of athletic convention in his training methods.

The capricious sports scribes have applauded Chataway as a man with a fondness for nicotine and spirituous beverages. Although Christopher's dissipations undoubtedly are of a very minor nature, the press has managed to picture him to the world as a man who cannot face the daylight until he has inhaled a couple of gaspers while sitting on the edge of his bed. Casual readers of the sports pages probably are under the impression that, before each race, Christopher tosses back a pint of 'arf and 'arf and then burps pleasurably at every furlong pole.

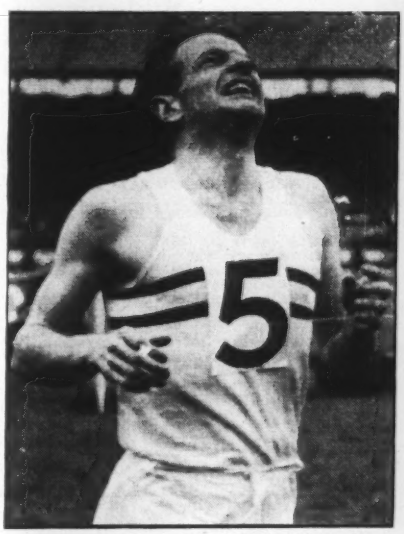
It isn't difficult to imagine the consternation which these published reports have caused among orthodox trainers of athletes. Lloyd Percival, whose *Sports College* carries the doctrine of clean living to thousands of impressionable young Canadians over the radio network of the CBC was so shocked that he nearly ended it all by inadvertently swallowing an overdose of a prospective sponsor's corn syrup.

Before thousands of aspiring young track stars rush out to debauch themselves at the nearest tobacconist's, I trust that they will examine all the evidence which, unquestionably, weighs heavily in favor of clean living as the only proper course for athletes.

There have been few notable tosspots among the world's great athletes and, almost without exception, those extroverts had their comeuppance.

In an earlier and gaudier era, there was John L. Sullivan, the heavyweight boxing champion of the world. Mr. Sullivan's pugilistic career encompassed the closing days of bare-knuckle fighting and the introduction of boxing gloves. To be truthful, the invention of boxing gloves handicapped Mr. Sullivan to some extent as he is reputed to have been somewhat proficient at impaling an opponent's eyeball upon an exposed thumb.

Nonetheless, Sullivan was a champion who gave pugilistic skill short shrift and depended, primarily, on brute force. He was a busy man and he believed in slugging his opponents into insensibility with the least possible delay. As often as not, he was in a hurry to keep a pressing appointment at the nearest tavern.



Rapid Grip & Batten

CHRIS CHATAWAY: Training habits.

Mr. Sullivan was given to consuming gargantuan shore-dinners and well-nigh lethal potions of spirits. When he was still a young man, his waistline expanded until he had assumed aldermanic contours. Despite the fact that he trained at the festive board, Sullivan was an outstanding advertisement for the distillers as he bullied lesser men into a state of collapse.

Ah, but one day, Mr. Sullivan made the mistake of meeting an opponent in the person of James J. Corbett, a gentlemanly fellow who had trained on a diet of lean beef and carrot juice. Corbett kayoed Sullivan, but many more years passed before Sullivan was converted to carrot juice.

In more recent years, there has been the case of Anthony Galento, of Orange, New Jersey. Galento, who was known affectionately as "Two-Ton Tony", was a throw-back to Sullivan in some respects. He was equipped with a ravenous appetite and some of his biographers have insisted that he could out-eat Nicely-Nicely Johnson, the acknowledged knife-and-fork champion of Broadway.

Galento smoked fearsome black cigars and drank his beer straight from the keg. He was loud and boastful and, for some time, there was a grave danger that he might become heavyweight boxing champion of the world.

Fortunately, the man who stood between Galento and the world title was young Joe Louis, a paragon of all the manly virtues. They met under sanguinary circumstances and the fate of the Strength-Through-Health Movement hung in the balance for a few seconds when one of Galento's wild swings dumped Louis on the seat of his pants. Fortunately, Louis, who abhorred tobacco and hops, arose and clouted Tony until he was a helpless hulk of a human being.

Battling Siki, a primitive fellow from Senegal, had a brief, meteoric career in the sports world. He came along in the early twenties when many citizens were experiencing a strange emotional binge after the First World War. Probably James Thurber was thinking of Siki when, describing another athlete, he wrote: "Although he wasn't as dumb as an ox, he wasn't any smarter than an ox".

Siki, who never managed to get both feet out of the jungle, won the world's light-heavyweight title by slaughtering the unsuspecting Georges Carpentier. Even blasé Parisians were disturbed by Siki's conduct. He roistered unbecomingly, even by the most liberal standards, and he took to promenading drunkenly around Paris with a leopard or a puma or some other type of anti-social feline on a leash.

Some genius talked him into putting his light-heavyweight title on the line for Mike McTigue in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day. Imagine any Senegalese hoping to beat an Irishman in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day!

Among even the most rowdy of the non-conformist athletes, Battling Siki was in a class by himself, thank goodness. The civilized Western world, which he refused to understand and which failed to understand him, couldn't hold him long. One morning, he was found lying in a gutter in the Hell's Kitchen district of New York—I forget whether he was shot or stabbed but he was quite, quite dead.

And, now, I seem to have made a rather good case for clean-living athletes. I hope that some cad doesn't spoil everything by bringing up the name of Harry Greb, the "Pittsburgh Gin-Mill"—beg pardon, I mean the "Pittsburgh Windmill".

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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

PUBLICATION of the Indian Problem increased the interest in thematic composition. Particularly active were a few English composers, who became known as the Yorkshire School, headed by W. Grimshaw, 1832-1890, and H. E. Kidson, 1832-1910. Many of their ideas appeared in the *Illustrated London News*.

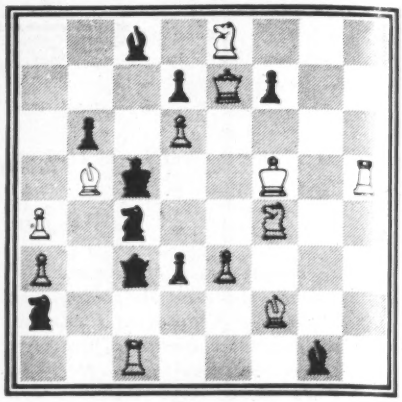
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 72.

1.K-B2, K-K4; 2.Q-KB6ch, etc. 1.K-B2, PxP; 2.Q-K3ch, etc. 1.K-B2, KxP; 2.Q-B4ch, etc. 1.K-B2, B-B4ch; 2.KtxBch, etc. 1.K-B2, BxR; 2.Q-B2ch, etc. 1.K-B2, threats; 2.Q-Q3ch and 2.Kt-B6ch, etc.

After PxQ in the first variation, the mate is by 3.Kt-B5.

PROBLEM NO. 73, by A. Ellerman.

Black—Ten Pieces.



White—Twelve Pieces.

White mates in two.

• •

Get Buzzin' Cousin!

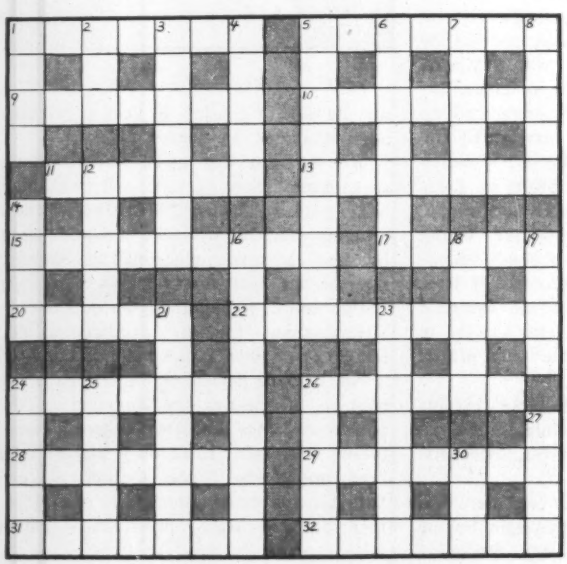
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1, 16, 31, 10, 27, 5, 1 down. By getting in and out of b.oomers. (3, 4, 3, 6, 4, 3, 7, 4, 7, 4)
9. Reversing syllables, does one after wee pups have been around? (7)
10. See 1 across.
11. Its keeper's charges are humbugs, as it were. (6)
13. Money extorted after tea, by the sound of it. (7)
15. Should sing drinking songs, perhaps. (3, 6)
17. Irritating spots for 31s? (5)
20. A debt reduced. (5)
22. It's necessary that the French take it all back to a German city. (9)
24. The Moslem sheiks' families have troubled sinuses. (7)
26. See 19.
28. Often taken raw for a raw reversal. (7)
29. Chorale? I'm sick of it! (7)
31. See 1 across.
32. To steal the gold out of one's teeth requires this. (7)

DOWN

1. See 1 across.
2. It has been, as the saying is, taken up. (3)
3. But it was the form of Strauss' "Salome" that took the head of 15, to get work. (7)
4. Presumably the Gang is, to broadcast. (5)
5. What the lazy moving-man would like to do? (9)
6. The devil take 27! (7)
7. For the gentlemen of the press? No, sir! (5)
8. Mother comes up with a broken leg. (5)
12. Twist up a mountain and down it. (5)
14. When night flyers go up to have a go at it. (4)
16. See 1 across.
18. Bill, it's in this! (5)
19. 26 across. Shopkeepers cut good figures with these. (4, 6)
21. I'd burst into this. (7)
23. Kind of odor that annoys some? (7)
24. Ay, there it is, as Hamlet said, but it takes a little science to find it in the forest. (5)
25. No doubt the giraffe does it longer than most swains. (5)
26. Bad boy! He eats like a bird! (5)
27. See 1 across.
30. There's something fishy about Ezekiel. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Housecoat
6. Bigot
9. Chiffon
10. Parsnip
11. Lion cub
12. Archway
13. Rameses
14. Lucky
16. Sodas
19. Memoirs
22. Sadists
23. Romance
24. Recluse
25. Menotti
26. Purée
27. The Consul

DOWN

1. Hecklers
2. Uniform
3. Effects
4. Omnibus
5. Topsail
6. Boracic
7. Gangway
8. Topsy
15. Especial
16. Sidecar
17. Dispute
18. Suspect
19. Mérimée
20. Memento
21. Ignites
22. Scrap

(3221)

Business

Complete Electronic Vision Next Step for Industry

By RALPH BROWN

SCIENCE IMPINGES on man in three ways: first in the broad realm of the biological sciences, then in the realm of power and energy and finally in the realm of science commonly identified as communication.

There are, of course, other aspects of science in relation to man, such as astronomy, meteorology, psychology, and the so-called social sciences. Furthermore, there is the whole spiritual side of man, where science does not tread. But it is in the realm of the first three in particular that significant things have been happening which will affect man's future.

In the biological area a closer and closer approach is being made to some of the secrets of life itself. Chemists are optimistic that we may be on the verge of a great "break-through" in man's understanding of the life process. In the realm of the power sciences, we have just seen a great break-through in the discovery of nuclear energy.

The field of communications and control witnessed a great revolution beginning some forty years ago with the invention of the audion tube, which has brought us world-wide telephony, radio broadcasting, television, and military applications stemming from radar. Is this a burned-out field of past glory? Can science do anything here which will further modify man's way of life?

Early in this century when the vacuum tube was developed into a working device, the electronic age in which we now live began. During the growth of the electronic age we have also seen the products of synthetic chemistry and the evolution of internal-combustion motorized surface and air transport.

While nuclear physicists have occupied a large fraction of the stage, some unobtrusive small groups of other physicists, in association with chemists and metallurgists, have been quietly investigating the simple solid materials of our high-school chemistry to find how nature builds up their intricate crystal structure from the atoms of their constituent chemical elements. This work is called Solid State Physics. One of the most powerful of the solid-state research groups is at Bell Telephone Laboratories. Out of its work on understanding semi-conductors has come our invention of the transistor.

A transistor is an electronic valve or amplifier that can operate *efficiently* down to the lowest levels of signal power. The vacuum tube is also a good low-level amplifier, but is *not* efficient, since it consumes something like a watt of power to produce only a few millionths of a watt or less signal power output. The transistor can work on such an assignment with a total power requirement of only a few times its useful output. In the theoretical limit, it can be 50 per cent efficient even at the lowest levels. It is a truly new thing in the world — an efficient microelectronic amplifier.

Most electronic and communications work is done with the signals at levels of a few millionths to a few thousandths of a watt. Power needed to run transistorized apparatus at these levels is many times less than that needed for equivalent vacuum tube apparatus. Thus the transistor sets an entirely new standard for both physical and electrical magnitude—literally flea size and flea power.

But other things than amplifiers are needed in electronics circuits. What of them?

The Philips Company laboratory in Holland, although under the control of the German occupation forces during World War II, devised magnetic materials called ferrites. These compounds of several metallic oxides, mechanically resembling ceramics, have the electrical property of high resistance, which means they can be used in solid chunks without trouble from eddy currents even at high frequencies. Using ferrite cores, we can now make transformers and inductance coils of minute size which will work with the fastest signals.

We have always been able to make resistance units as small as desired provided the power involved was not so great as to make them get hot. The resistors invented and developed in Bell laboratories before and during the war, using carbon deposited as a sort of hard soot on ceramic rods, are particularly well adapted to use in low-power miniature circuits requiring high frequency.

An electrical condenser (there is one in every telephone subscriber's set) is composed of two sets of metal sheets interleaved with each other, but separated by insulating sheets. The traditional materials have been tin foil and paper. Our latest development is a completely solid condenser constructed from the common chemical material manganese dioxide, combined with a piece of the metal tantalum riddled with microscopically tiny spongy pores, which give the mass a tremendous amount of surface. Capacitors of large electrical capacity but small phy-

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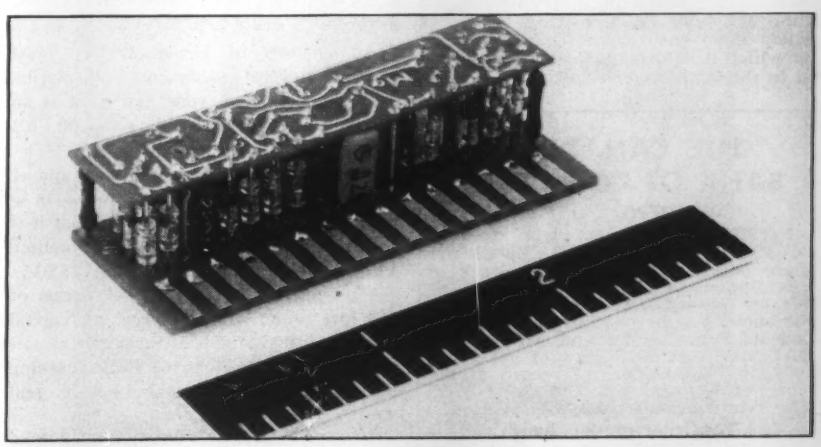

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 270

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1954 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of AUGUST 1954, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th June 1954. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON
General Manager

Toronto, 28th May 1954

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Consolidated Allenbee

I HAVE SOME shares of Consolidated Allenbee which have gone down in price since I purchased them. Would you be so kind as to advise me of the status of this company and whether you think it advisable to sell or hold them for a probable improvement in price, and if so, how long would you advise holding them? —M. S., Toronto.

Consolidated Allenbee is a small company which, according to a 1953 report, had oil reserves of 656,000 barrels at Leduc and 545,000 barrels in the Lloydminster heavy oil field.

For the year ended September 30, 1953, net revenue from production amounted to $190,013 and the company had current assets of $125,470 and current liabilities of $95,146. The slim margin of working capital was reinforced by the underwriting of several blocks of shares earlier this year.

From the price of the stock, 13 cents, the outlook looks anything but promising. About the only hope for an advance would seem to lie in a reorganization of the company and an underwriting of the new shares.

Hiram Walker

ON THE recommendations made in your December 12 issue, I purchased some shares of Hiram Walker at 50. Since then the stock has advanced above 60, the price you indicated the stock should advance to.

What are your views on this stock now? Should I continue to hold my shares or take my profit in the expectation of repurchasing at a lower price?—G. A. W., Toronto.

An analysis of Hiram Walker must consider several viewpoints. Primarily, from the long term view, the stock is an excellent investment yielding, at 60, 6.3 per cent on the present dividend.

The balance sheet in the last annual report shows that the company is in a financial position that is so good that it is difficult to find a comparable situation. The working capital position of $125,033,139 alone provides an equity in excess of $60 per share. As the working capital includes $106,261,600 of inventory at cost alone, it is evident that the stock is selling at a considerable discount from its real worth.

From the short term view, which long term holders mainly interested in income are likely to be little concerned about, several factors cast considerable doubt on the possibility of the stock crossing our 61 "up signal" point and advancing to 68-70 at the present time.

The reports of several distilling companies show a definite downtrend in earnings and sales. How much the sales and earnings of Hiram Walker are affected by this trend is unknown at the present time, but it seems fair to assume they will follow the general trend to some degree.

The next factor, and one of most interest to those who are trading the stock on a short term basis, is the technical market position. Since last March, the stock has advanced three times to challenge the 61 point and each time considerable selling has forced the price to retreat. This refusal to provide an "up" indication carries a warning that considerable reaction may be necessary before the long uptrend that has carried the stock from the 1952 low of 41 to the recent high of 60¾ can be resumed.

If the chart is read correctly, another test of support at 56 is quite likely and possibly this could be extended to the 50-52 support level tested last March.

If sales in the distilling industry follow a seasonal pattern, with the leanest earnings period falling in the Spring, it is considered that a retreat to 51-52 would provide a buying opportunity for an advance that would be based on the anticipation of what the annual report, which appears in November, will show and the declaration of an extra dividend.

Western Potash

I WOULD appreciate your advising whether there has been any development in the interim to change your opinion of April 10, respecting Western Potash Corporation.—F. A. H., Toronto.

The most recent report from Western Potash indicates the shaft has been sunk well through the quicksand formation that provided so much difficulty, to a depth of 433 feet.

New financing has been arranged, which, according to the president, should supply sufficient funds for the completion of the shaft to the potash deposits, which lie about 3,500 feet below the surface.

The underwriting agreement of May 21 calls for 200,000 shares to be underwritten at 25 cents per share and options on blocks of 200,000 shares at 30, 35, 40 and 45 cents.

This should reinforce the company's financial position of which we were in

considerable doubt in our previous comments. The balance sheet of March 31, 1954, shows current assets of $3,807 cash against current liabilities of $50,204, which makes the fortunes of the company dependent upon the success of the underwriting operation.

Since the beginning of the year the price of the stock has moved in a narrow range between 25 and 42 cents and is presently quoted at 30-31 cents. With speculative activity long absent, as is evident by the narrow price range, the stock appears to be a reasonable speculative gamble at this price.

According to the Saskatchewan Government, the deposits of potash, which the company has been attempting to reach, are large and could become of considerable commercial importance. In addition, the efforts to sell the optioned stock should provide some market action.

Calvan Consolidated

I AM holding some shares of Calvan Consolidated Oil & Gas, purchased at $5.25. Now that the west-coast gas pipeline hopes have ended in failure, would you advise keeping this stock and, if you think it is worth keeping, should I buy more now or wait?—R. A. E., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Calvan is generally regarded as one of the better grade western oil producers. For the year ending December 31, 1953, the company reported a total income from oil production of $1,278,474. This oil was produced from the interest held in 32 oil producing leases in the Canadian west, with the exception of $9,395 realized from production from Calvan's participation in a secondary recovery project in Illinois.

Total oil reserves at the end of the year, including the 2.5 million barrels held by the U.S. subsidiary, were estimated at 17 million barrels.

At March 31 of this year an interest was held in 96 oil wells, equal to full ownership of 31.7 wells, and the interest in 21 gas wells was equal to ownership of 3.5 wells. Leases at that time totalled 1,398,776 acres and reservations 3,499,688 acres.

For the first quarter, net oil sales amounted to $369,300; total income was $401,300. From this it appears that production income will be maintained at an equivalent rate to that of last year's and will assure adequate funds for continued exploration and development work.

The recent sharp decline in stock prices in the oil group, occasioned by the rejection of the bid by Westcoast Gas Transmission to serve the Pacific northwest market, has brought the price of Calvan down to a low of $4.20 from the year's high of $5.50.

At this price it is selling at the equivalent value of the oil reserves plus the

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Canadian Chartered Banks are featured in our July "Review and Securities List". A short story about the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development is included. A third article deals with Hudson's Bay Company, particularly its petroleum activities. Lists of government, municipal and corporation securities are included in this issue. Altogether, we think it is an especially interesting one. To secure a copy, please phone or write for

July
"Review and Securities List"

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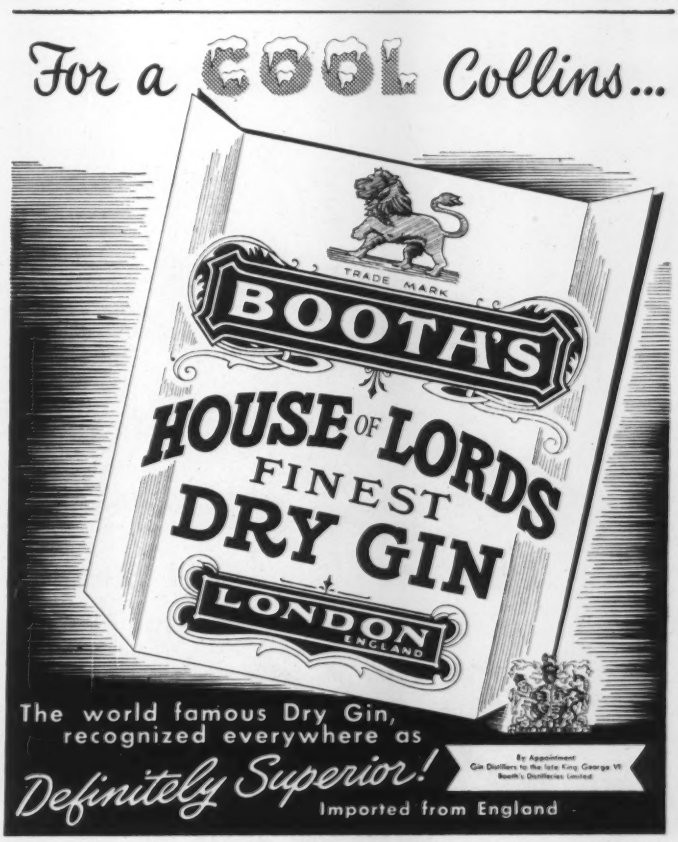

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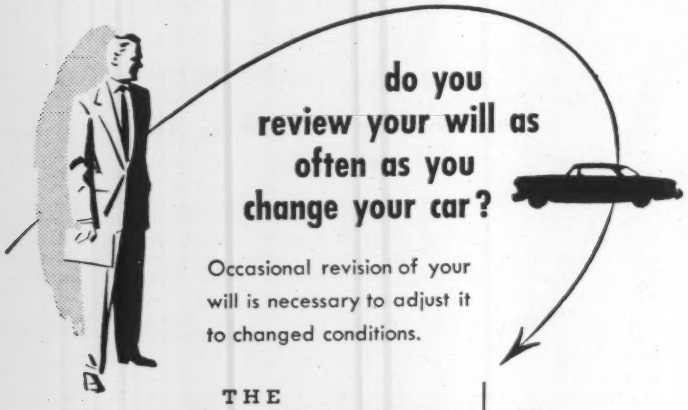

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OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

working capital of $3,067,400 divided by the 4,782,376 shares that will be issued when the assets of Redwater Utilities and Davidson Oil are acquired on the share exchanging basis of one share of Calvan for six of these small companies.

The estimated line of value at $4.20 is, of course, only a theoretical reference mark. The price of the stock can move above or below such a level quite easily. After all, any stock is worth only what it can be sold for. However, a theoretical line of value does give an indication of when a stock is moving into a buying or a selling range. This indication must also be qualified by the chart position of the stock.

From Calvan's chart we note that last September a low of $3.25 was marked. The recovery from that point carried to the $5.50 objective indicated in our December 19 comment on this company.

It now appears that considerable support should be available close to the $4.00 mark, but if the $4.20 low is broken, the decline could be extended to $3.25-3.50 if the oil market is handed another jolt. A decline to this point could place the stock in a position where a good buying opportunity would be presented.

In Brief

I HAVE *some shares of Goodrock Gold Mines. Can you tell me what has become of this company and has it any prospects?—G.G.M., Ottawa.*

Lots of rock but not good.

WOULD YOU *advise when a stock certificate is useless and can be destroyed?—A. M. S., Toronto.*

When the company is declared bankrupt, surrenders its charter, or is struck off register.

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of Yukore Mines Ltd.? What are the shares worth?—L. S., Vancouver.*

To both questions: no bid.

I HOLD *several hundred shares of Westlock Petroleums Ltd. It is now trading at 7 cents. Any hope of its trading again near the 20 cents I paid for it?—W. L., Edmonton.*

Not that I can see.

I HOLD *3,000 shares of Northland Mines bought at 10 cents. Should I take what I can get for it and kiss it goodbye?—S. O. L., Lutz, Florida.*

Why linger?

WOULD YOU *recommend the purchase of shares in Calumet Uranium Mines? I am advised to buy them by a firm in Montreal.—M.D., Los Angeles.*

Not at this price.

I HAVE *a few relics of the old Turner Valley days, among them Fabyan Oil. Any good?—H.M.M., Powell River, B.C.*

Just for laughs.

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Who's Who in Business

"To Adventure and Struggle"

By J. W. Bacque

How most successful businessmen value their own work far more highly than other people do. Edward W. Bickle, 64, senior partner of the Toronto investment house of Wills, Bickle, is no exception. At the age of 17, having left school, "to start out alone and make money", he quit his first job when he discovered that his first raise was 15 per cent below the sum he had requested.

"After that, I had a varied career for a few years," he says. "I learned the rudiments of the bond business, then went into business for myself in a small way, selling bonds and real estate." On the outbreak of war in 1914, he joined the 15th Battalion, retiring after four years' service with the rank of major.

Ashley & Crippen

EDWARD W. BICKLE

"When I got back to Canada, there wasn't anything left of my business. I took a refrigerator agency and struggled along with that for a few years. Then I gave it up in 1924 to form E. W. Bickle & Company. At first, it was just a desk and a stenographer, but I got busy scouting around." His first big deal was arranging the sale of the Seagram family distilling business, from which he made $100,000. "Real money in those days," he comments.

In 1930, he formed the partnership that he has maintained ever since. "I had certain definite policies in mind," he says, "one being that it's just as easy to execute an order for 1,000 shares as for ten. The economic function of investment houses is to collect savings into reservoirs and channel them into the process of developing the country. That is one of the most fascinating of all business patterns—with us, there's something new and novel turning up all the time."

Mr. Bickle is naturally interested in the way people play with their money. "We've had some of the biggest gamblers in Canada in here," he says, "but they've been men of great wealth. To some people, investing money in the market is just part of an urge to make a dollar, like playing the horses. To others it's assisting to bring a new project into being."

That idea of helping to build something new is one that has always had an appealing challenge for Mr. Bickle. He was largely responsible for completing the financial arrangements for Maple Leaf Gardens when it was planned in 1931, and he is "intensely interested" now in the plans of Trans-Canada Pipelines Limited.

Even the depression stimulated a favorable response in him. He says: "People are at their best when conditions demand that they adventure, strive and struggle. The race achieves its greatest heights then, and I think that holds true for the individual."

Mr. Bickle's desire for activity, coupled with a sense of civic responsibility, has led him to work for a number of community organizations, including the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, the Toronto Planning Board, and the Toronto Board of Trade. His favorite relaxation is his farm near Caledon where he and his wife spend their week-ends throughout the year.

Mr. Bickle is chagrined at the lack of interest in Canada's material future displayed by individual investors. "One of the tragedies of this country is that Canadian investment funds have not been made available in sufficient quantities to meet our needs," he points out. "Too much has been thrown into the hands of the big operating companies, and we have had to rely too heavily on foreign capital."

He says that he is content to carry on his business without plans for major expansion; "We seem to do pretty well," he says, "and we're continually growing and developing." But he adds, "If I stopped interesting myself in new things—new friends and new conditions, I think I would go down hill so fast it would make me dizzy."

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1954, payable in Canadian funds on August 2, 1954, to shareholders of record at 3.30 p.m. on June 25, 1954.

By order of the Board.

FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, June 14, 1954.

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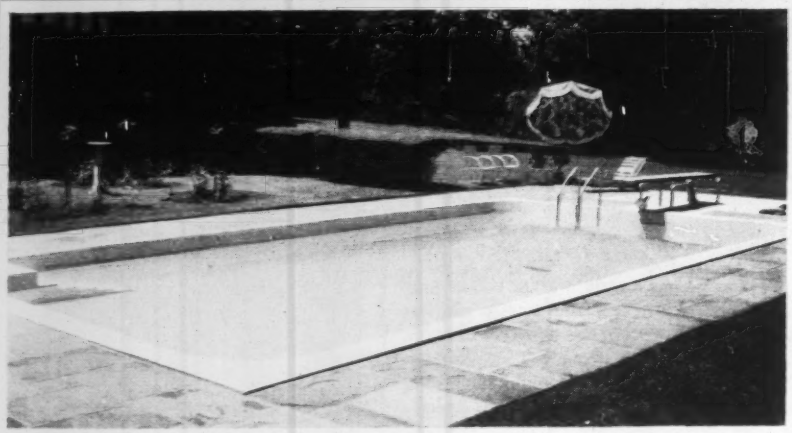

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Electronic Vision

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

sical size can be made this way.

We now have a complete set of the four parts used in electronic circuits — amplifiers, magnetic coils, resistors and capacitors—all of watch-part size and using peewee power to operate and all are based more or less directly on the results of recent fundamental studies of solid materials. Here are circuit elements which have to be assembled under a magnifier with tweezers, or preferably by automatic machines. Thousands can be crammed into a small space without burning themselves up with the heat generated. Potentially they are reliable and versatile.

What are they going to do for us?

Knowing that transistors can do things now done by relays, we think of electronic switching. The idea of great bays of equipment compressed into soap-box size is not unreal and it is coming, but much research and development remains to be done and important changes in other parts of the plant will be needed.

Electronic switching, under the name of Digital Computing and Automation, is already a considerable business outside the telephone field. A survey shows a hundred types of computers in existence.

Information theory, originating in Bell Laboratories, has shown that any form of information or communication may be electrically packaged and transported as digital signals.

Miniature transistor circuits are about to revolutionize this kind of apparatus and ultimately may do for the clerical, accounting, and other routine mental work of man what power-operated machinery has done to relieve his physical burdens.

Today we have television cameras and receivers, which are capable of development into economical forms suitable for almost any service.

We are not yet able to interconnect such terminal devices as cheaply and in as many non-interfering ways all at the same time as we do telephone instruments, but private visual services are nevertheless already beginning to appear in factories and banks and for other industrial purposes. That is why for several years one of the most important objectives of Bell Laboratories research programs has been a conductor system that can do for man's vision what the cable pair did for man's voice.

Who, in 1876, could have visualized our mode of life—in which the ability to talk beyond earshot subtly molds one's every move? Who, in 1954, can visualize a future mode of life in which seeing is limited not by distance or by walls but only by then accepted customs of volition and courtesy?

(Dr. Ralph Brown is Vice-President in charge of long-range planning for The Bell Telephone Laboratories.)

women

WENDY MARTIN, *who graduated from the chorus of Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars to leading roles. Next week she stars in* Sweethearts, *the second production in the current 15th season. Miss Martin has played in productions at the University of BC and with the Totem and Avon theatres. She recently returned from musical studies abroad.*

Photo: Eric Skipsey

Conversation Pieces

A CORRESPONDENT has written recently deploring the Seven Deadly Pies, which always round off the menus of Canadian restaurants. He describes them (without listing them) as equivalent to the Seven Deadly Sins, only less fun. The writer doesn't mention "bought" pies, but he would probably be in sympathy with the Canadian housewife who attempted to cut into pie-sections the cardboard plate that she had mistaken for her bought pie's under-crust.

It is unfair, however, to judge Canadian cuisine on the basis of quick-lunch restaurants and Bar-B-Ques. Actually, our native cookery has at last achieved a respectable place in the international field. Canada, for instance, has entered the "Kitchen Olympics", which are being held in Berne, Switzerland. Fourteen countries have entered and two of the jurors are from Canada. They are Hans Fread, owner of Toronto's *Sign of the Steer* Restaurant, and Jean Zonda, French-born cook of Governor General Massey.

The Canadian menu includes Alberta pheasant, Quebec *doré*, Restigouche salmon, soup made from Gaspé snails, buffalo and moose-meat, swordfish, blueberries, cored apples filled with sweet butter and maple syrup, and Oka cheese. Nothing done up in aspic, which looks, and sometimes tastes, like something done up in cellophane.

No pies. All this helps to wipe out the memory of a remark once overheard at a local delicatessen counter: "I always say, if you have a good biscuit you have a meal."

CCF Leader M. J. Coldwell has a word to say to the housewife who believes too faithfully in the printed word, especially when it comes on the outside of washing products. Some time ago Mr. Coldwell took time off to go through the laboratories of the National Research Council. As a result, he has warned the housewife to avoid cutting corners on washday, no matter what the package tells her. Better rinse, Mr. Coldwell advises, if you want clothes that are fit to wear again. Otherwise you may turn out to be a woman clad in unwomanly rags.

It is always a surprise to discover that the people who lived in caves several thousand years ago were exactly as intelligent as ourselves, and a good deal more resourceful. They had to be, living as they did on a strictly Do-It-Yourself basis. For instance, archaeologists have just revealed that the cave Mexicans of Tamaulipas smoked filter cigarettes, using for the purpose hollow cane stuffed with dried vegetation. Now all we need to do to bring ourselves up to the level of the Tamaulipas Indians is to grow our own hollow cane and fill it with dried twitch-grass, the kind that is ordinarily used to entangle lawn-mowers. Meanwhile, we are waiting as patiently as we can for the Egyptian archaeologists to reveal that the designer of the solar ship allowed storage space for detergents (with instructions to rinse).

TIME *out from the rounds of entertainment: l to r, Jean Duggan, Wire editor, Guelph (Ont.)* Mercury; *Jean Howarth, columnist,* Vancouver Province; *Shirley Smith, advertising, Edmonton.*

BETH ROBERTSON, *of the* Halifax Mail-Star.

ONE *of the most glamorous grandmothers in the Press Club, Eve Henderson, of station CFRN, Edmonton.*

Photos: Ashley & Crippen

Golden Jubilee

Canadian Women's Press Club

FIFTY years ago a couple of pioneering newspaper women politely accused Col. George Ham, CPR Publicity Director, of discrimination. Why were there no "work" passes for women writers? Said the Colonel, in effect: find me a dozen bona fide Canadian newspaper women and I'll provide passes to the St. Louis World Fair. They did; there were; they went. On the return trip, they formed a women's national press club, with Col. Ham elected an honorary member.

Today, the Canadian Women's Press Club is the only *national* women's press club in the world. Its present membership stands at about 540. It is composed of active writers, on newspapers or magazines, free lance writers, radio commentators who write their own scripts, and creative copy writers.

NATIONAL *vice-presidents meet with the president: l to r, Madeleine Levason, publicity, Montreal; Margaret Colpitts ("Joan Marshall" on the radio) of Moncton, NB; Miriam Green Ellis, retired but free lancing, Winnipeg; president Marjorie Oliver, Eaton's, Toronto; Myrtle Patterson Gregory of the* Vancouver Sun.

RECEPTION: *photographed at the reception given by the Magazine Publishers' Association are Marjorie Major (l), columnist on* The Halifax Mail-Star, *and Georgia Henderson, women's editor on the* Calgary Albertan.

Photo: Ashley & Crippen

Gilbert A. Milne

BREAKFAST: *Canadian Elizabeth Arden gave a breakfast party for the Press Club and other fashion and beauty experts. Chatting with her are (l to r) Dorothy Taylor of New Westminster, BC, the Club's president-elect; Kay Cronin of the* Vancouver Sun, *winner of the CWPC Memorial Award for script writing; Elizabeth Arden; Margaret Thornton, fashion editor of the* Canadian Home Journal.

A BUFFET SUPPER *was given for the women editors attending the Jubilee by Margaret Cragg, women's editor, Toronto* Globe and Mail. *Photographed (l to r) are: Simone Daigneault of Montreal, Pearl L'Ami of Winnipeg and Rose Ducie of Saskatoon, vice-president of the Press Club.*

Photo: Ashley & Crippen

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Letters

British Symbols

IT MAKES ME very angry every time I read letters written by Canadians who constantly bewail the fact that the British anthem and flag are being "forced" on the unwilling mass of people in our country. I am angry, not because I am either a transplanted or imitation Britisher, but because the actions of Canadians in general do not agree with their words. The same people who want to eliminate the foreign influences from England which they feel are undermining our sovereignty, welcome influences from the United States with open arms. . .

The "vast majority" in this country cannot recognize the worth of anything Canadian until it has been evaluated by the Americans. They read American magazines and books, listen to American radio shows, and flock to American movies. They buy every American product they can get, and when they visit my own city, the first thing they do is to rush across the river and stock up on all the American goods they can get back to Canada.

I, too, want to see Canada attain that great position for which she is destined. What I want to see, however, are more real patriots, and fewer of those who hide sectional aspirations and hatred of England behind a mask of Canadian nationalism.

Windsor, Ont. M. RODDY

I AM NOT a Briton myself, but rather a native born Canadian; but, like most other thinking Canadians, I do not see any reason for abolishing the crown, or the use of the prefix "Royal" in Canada, as Mrs. A. B. Marshall advocates. Those symbols, in their modern interpretation, do not class us as a "vassal state", subservient to any other nation, but rather subject only to our own Canadian Government, symbolized by *our* Crown — a crown which we hold in common with many equal partners in the Commonwealth . . .

Kingston, Ont. P. B. SIMS

YOUR correspondent Mrs. A. B. Marshall exhibits a type of super-Canadianism which merely succeeds in becoming slightly boring.

As to a distinctive Canadian flag, if that is what the majority of Canadians want, by all means let us have it. However, let us not overlook the fact that there are many citizens of this Dominion—particularly ex-servicemen — who feel that the Union Jack is a pretty good flag, a symbol of decency and fairmindedness which has weathered the storm, lo, these many years.

Toronto PERCY DEVENISH

McCarthy

ALTHOUGH I've had anti-McCarthy feelings for some time, I was disappointed to see you printing such biased articles as "McCarthy—The Man, The Senator, The 'Ism' ".

Surely SATURDAY NIGHT could at least give a man credit for slaving twelve and fourteen hours a day in his chicken venture!

Stamford, Conn. MRS. J. M. AIMONE

. . . I WAS in Toronto last summer—in August—when plans were being laid for inviting McCarthy to Toronto. I saw and spoke to the persons concerned, and know the idea originated with Toronto anti-Communists—not with McCarthy. . . I should like to express my astonishment at the barefaced hostility expressed by SATURDAY NIGHT in this article against America's top-flight fighter against Communist infiltration. The article suggests to me that we need something corresponding to Congressional Committees in Canada, with two or three McCarthys at the head of them.

Winnipeg (MISS) SALOME HALLDORSON

Of Many Things

YOUR EDITORIAL refers to Robert Saunders, who, passing through Wordsworth's country on his way to Sellafield, Cumberland, to see the Atomic Plant there "becomes reflective" and remarks "Atomic Reactors and daffodils—quite a contrast". Was he, I wonder, aware of the still more striking contrast presented by the ruins of Calder Abbey which must be quite near the Plant? This was a Cistercian Abbey, founded by Ranulph-le-Meschines, Lord of Egremont in 1134. I expect the monks came from Furness Abbey further down the coast.

MRS. J. M. GIBBON

St. Anne de Bellevue, Que.

"Little car" owners do not necessarily find intrinsic merit in size nor appreciate a vehicle that overflows the centre lane, the driver somewhat vaguely aware of where his distant fenders are, upholstered in false security by power-steering, power-brakes, and power-complexes.

Most small car owners cannot afford to drive or maintain anything else; but many of them actually prefer the small car and even consider it fun to drive. If some turn greater manoeuverability, better balance and superior suspension into a menace, should one blame the virtues of the car or the selfishness of the driver?

Toronto JOHN REID

I would suggest to Mr. Green that he investigate such religions as Buddhism and Mohammedanism, before making any rash statements concerning the founders of these religions described by Mr. Green as "mere men". It is this sort of illiterate thought that makes the world today a world of misunderstanding. Perhaps it has not occurred to Mr. Green that Buddhists and Mohammedans, may look on Jesus Christ as a "mere man", due to insufficient investigation. . .

Toronto LESLIE STEPHENS

SURELY the date 1953 in the story about James Mason and Tyrone Guthrie should be 1933?

Stratford J. T. MCILWAIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: You are quite right. This was an unfortunate typographical error.

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